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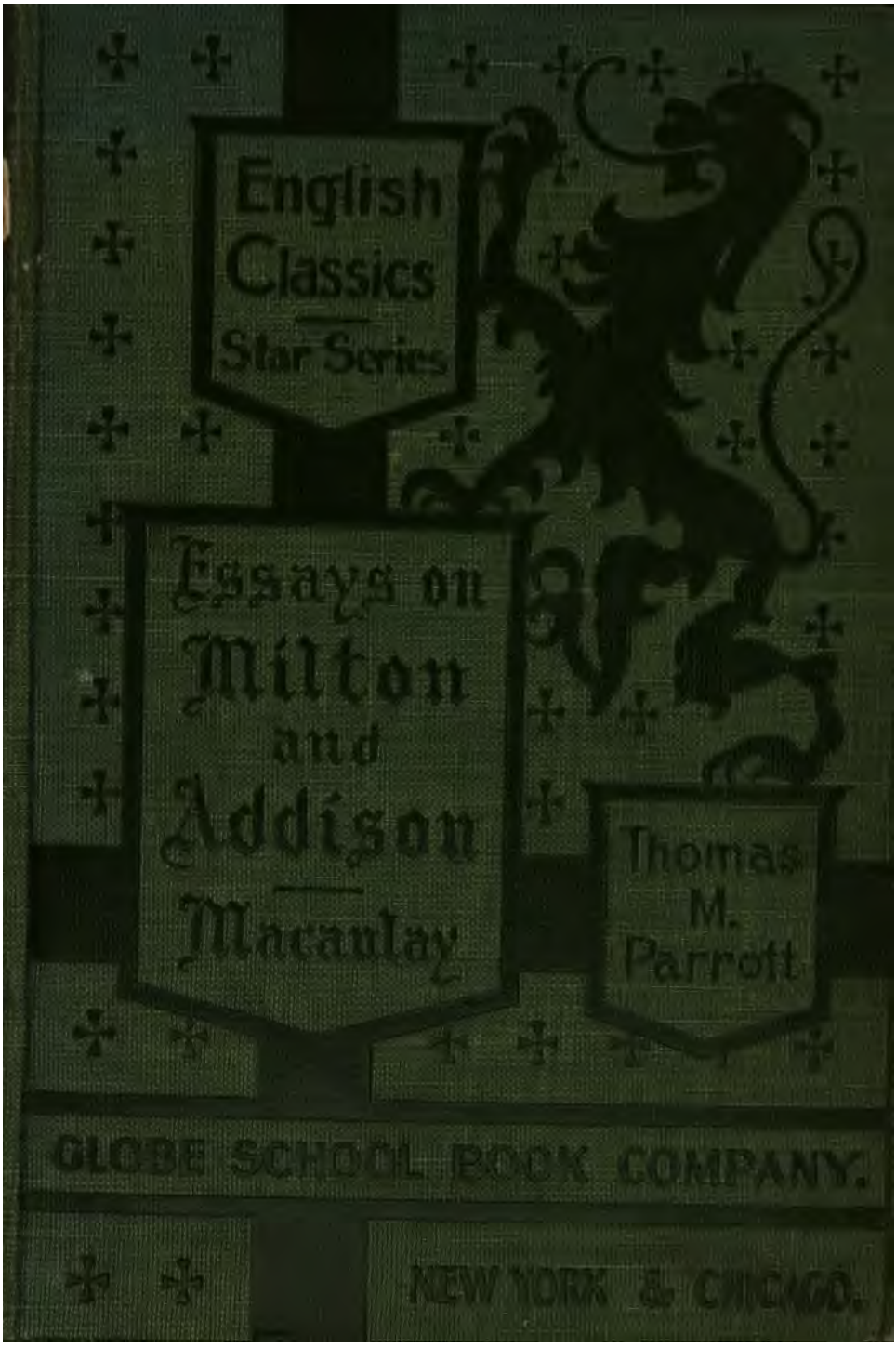
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ESSAYS

ON

MILTON AND ADDISON

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

THOMAS MARC PARROTT, PH.D.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
IN PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

GLOBE SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY
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PREFACE

It has been my purpose in preparing this edition of Macaulay's *Essays on Milton and Addison* to make the little book as complete as possible in itself. All teachers who have had experience of the present conditions in our secondary schools know that it is quite useless to expect the average schoolboy to do anything like independent investigation. He has many other interests in and outside of his hours of study which conflict with such work in English; his time is strictly limited, for he is required to prepare a certain lesson by a certain hour; and the works of reference at his command are few and unreliable. It is, therefore, idle by way of explaining Macaulay's allusion to the courteous Knight and Balisarda to refer the student to the forty-fifth canto of *Orlando Furioso*. It is almost certain that he could not lay hands on Ariosto's poem if he wished to, and it is even more likely that he would not wish to if he could.

But Macaulay's style is rich in such allusions. "Take at hazard any three pages of the 'Essays' or 'History,'" says Thackeray, "and glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a halfscore of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry with which you are acquainted. . . . Your neighbor who has his reading and his little store of literature stowed away in his mind shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil of this great scholar." Indeed, it is in this allusiveness, this suggestiveness, that much of Macaulay's charm consists.

Now since this is the case, the editor who is preparing one of Macaulay's essays for the average schoolboy is shut up to one of two courses. He may either pass over the greater part of the allusions in silence, or he may give such comment as shall explain their bearing on the text, their relation to the subject that

Macaulay is discussing. To decline to annotate is to shirk the duty of an editor and to deny the student's claim to knowledge he has a right to; to annotate every allusion is to run the risk of choking the student with masses of information and exposing him to a severe attack of intellectual indigestion. But, after all, the schoolboy mind has a happy faculty of refusing unprofitable nourishment. The great thing is to make the information interesting; if it is palatable, it will be digested.

If this fact be firmly borne in mind, the editor's duty becomes plainer. Certain sorts of information, etymological, archaeological, æsthetic, may be barred out as contributing in nowise to the student's interest. Chronological tables are a vexation to the mind, constantly recurring dates of birth and death are altogether unprofitable. And for the rest, the editor's task should be to explain every allusion as fully, as clearly, and as entertainingly as his own intellectual capabilities and the limits of space allow.

Two works alone I have reckoned on finding either in the student's desk or within his easy reach, an English Dictionary and the English Bible. I have, therefore, thought it unnecessary after the fashion of some previous editors to define such words as "heterodox," "pervert," and "occult." A certain knowledge of the Bible also is of right demanded from every reader of the English language. It is a shameful truth that ignorance of this book is widespread and increasing, but it is the duty of the instructor in English to insist upon a general knowledge at least of its most important facts. For my own part I altogether decline to condone this ignorance by treating the Bible as some unknown or inaccessible work.

My thanks are due to the Librarian of Edinburgh University and his assistants for the courtesy which opened to me the resources of that institution during the summer vacation; to Mr. V. Lansing Collins, Reference Librarian of Princeton University, whose wide reading and ready command of the sources of information have been of the greatest assistance; and to Mr. A. W. Long of Lawrenceville School, to whose literary taste and practical experience I am indebted for much valuable criticism in the correction and revision of the notes.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
November 26, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

A Sketch of Macaulay's Life

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, October 25, 1800, at the house of the uncle after whom he was named. He traced his descent back through a long line of Presbyterian ministers in the west of Scotland to an ancestor in the Viking age. Years after, when Macaulay was a lion of the London drawing-rooms, Carlyle, with his quick eye for racial type and character, read his brother Scotsman's ancestry in his face. "I noticed," he said, "the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in Western Isles, and I thought to myself, 'Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal.'"

Zachary Macaulay, the writer's father, abandoned the clerical profession of his ancestors and went out, at sixteen years of age, to seek his fortune in the West Indies. He returned eight years later without the fortune, but with a purpose which dominated the rest of his life — that of waging unceasing war upon the institution of negro slavery. He became a close and trusted friend of the little group of Abolitionists in London, was sent out by them as governor of their young colony of freedmen at Sierra Leone, and on his return married a pretty Quakeress who had been the pupil of Hannah More, the highly respected poetess of the party.

Not much is known of Mrs. Macaulay. She was by no means one of the remarkable mothers of remarkable men, but she was well read, well bred, and loving; ruling ten-

derly, but firmly, her large family of four sons and five daughters. It was from her that Macaulay inherited the warm heart and prudent sense of conduct that marked his private and his public life.

His father was a strong, silent man, an old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian, sternly religious, hating evil with a bitter hatred, devoting himself, body and soul, to the accomplishment of his aim in life, and in his efforts "meekly enduring," to quote words of his epitaph, "toil and privation and reproach, resigning to others praise and reward." He was not altogether in sympathy with his brilliant son, whom he from time to time rebuked for his careless habits, his vehemence, and self-confidence, his taste for novels and the poetry of Lord Byron, and for his supposed tendency to become "one of the sons of anarchy and confusion," in other words, to advocate reform. It speaks well for Macaulay that while he felt bitterly his father's lack of sympathy and appreciation, he never ceased to love and reverence him, was "always anxious to please and amuse him, and to the last was the stay and support of his declining years."

Macaulay was a quick and precocious child. "From the time that he was three years old," says his biographer, "he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire with his book on the ground and a piece of bread and butter in his hand." Later on he read aloud to an adoring circle of younger brothers and sisters such classic works as Richardson's novels, Clarendon's and Burnet's histories, the plays of Shakespeare, and the solemn effusions of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews*. One wonders what the little Macaulays gained from such a heavy diet beyond the immense admiration for their amazing brother which marked the family for life. He did more than read; he wrote in the most precocious manner, on many subjects, and in various forms of composition. In his eighth

year he wrote a Universal History and an argument to persuade the inhabitants of Travancore to embrace Christianity. He began a metrical romance in the manner of Scott entitled *The Battle of Cheviot*, but abandoned it to take up an heroic poem after the manner of Virgil. He wrote at the same time many hymns which Hannah More pronounced quite extraordinary for such a baby. Even at this early age composition seemed as easy to him as speech, and he dashed off these boyish, self-imposed tasks at the highest imaginable rate of speed. In his mother's words, he would rather write ten poems than prune one.

At the age of thirteen Macaulay was sent to a private school near Cambridge. The head master was an evangelical clergyman who worried the boys about the state of their souls, and forced them to reproduce the long sermons he poured forth on Sundays. But he was a good teacher and a great encourager of general reading. "He lends me any books for which I ask him," writes the schoolboy, "so that I am nearly as well off in this respect as at home; except for one thing which, though I believe it is useful, is not very pleasant. I can only ask for one book at a time, and cannot touch another till I have read it through." And so, besides his studies, *Xenophon*, the *Odyssey*, *Virgil*, we find him poring in his free hours over Plutarch's *Lives* and Milner's *Ecclesiastical History*, or refreshing himself with Fénelon's *Dialogues* and the *petits romans* of Mme. de Genlis. He had already begun to display the prodigious powers of acquisition and memory which were the amazement of his friends in later life. A glance down a page gave him its contents, and one reading was often enough to enable him to repeat these with tolerable accuracy. He got Scott's earlier poems by heart on their first appearance, and used to boast that if all printed copies of *Paradise Lost* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* should vanish from the earth, he could reproduce them from memory. He took little or no part in the games

of his schoolmates, got his only exercise in long walks, generally with a volume in his hand, and was rapidly turning into a young pedant, when the broader life and more varied interests of a University opened his eyes to the world of politics, which henceforward divided his interests with his beloved books.

In 1818, Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he became a member of a very brilliant circle of young men, and laid aside the Tory opinions of his father for the new principles of reform. Before he left college, he became what he remained through life, — an enthusiastic and eloquent champion of the great Whig party.

Macaulay did not at first distinguish himself in his studies at Cambridge. He was intoxicated with the freedom of the University and the delights of intellectual combat with his peers. "So long as a door was open, or a light was burning in any of the courts, Macaulay was always in a mood for conversation or companionship. He supped at night on milk punch and roast turkey, drank tea in floods at an hour when older men are intent upon anything rather than on the means of keeping themselves awake, and made little of sitting over the fire till the bell rang for morning chapel, in order to see a friend off by the early coach." He detested with all his heart the mathematical studies, which, at that time, were all-important at Cambridge. "Oh for words to express my abomination of that science!" he writes. "Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity! . . . Discipline of the mind! Say, rather, starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation. I feel myself becoming a personification of Algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of Logarithms." In other lines, more to his taste, he was brilliantly successful. He twice took a medal for English verse, gained a classical scholarship, and after two trials won a fellowship at Trinity, which gave him for

seven years an income of $1500, the right to stable a horse, if he owned one, in the college buildings, and six dozen bottles of the famous college ale every Christmas. Even more important than the fellowship, in its influence upon his future life, was his successful competition for a prize annually awarded to the best essay on the character and conduct of William III. This monarch, as all the world knows, became the hero of Macaulay's famous history, and the lively, declamatory, picturesque style of that work shows itself already developed in this boyish study.

On leaving Cambridge, in 1825, Macaulay began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1826, but he cared nothing whatever for the profession, and, it is said, never held but one brief. He soon gave up even the pretence of practising law, and devoted himself entirely to literature and public life. In the first of these vocations, he had, in fact, already attained a sudden and brilliant success. While an undergraduate at Cambridge, he had contributed largely to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, and the most striking of his contributions was undoubtedly the "Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton, touching the great Civil War." This essay contains some admirable description and argument, and, what is rarer in Macaulay, shows a capability of looking on both sides of a question. It may well be read as a supplement, and, in some sense, a corrective to the impassioned partisan rhetoric of the more famous essay on Milton. A full account of the circumstances under which this essay was written will be found below on pages xxiv–xxvi. It is sufficient here to say that it appeared in the August number of the *Edinburgh Review* for 1825, and made Macaulay famous in a day. He was overwhelmed with compliments and invitations, and the doors of the great publishing houses were at once thrown open to him. In the next few years he contributed a number of articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, and indulged

in a very spirited controversy with the Tory and Radical opponents of that strong Whig organ. By 1830 he had so distinguished himself that Lord Lansdowne, one of the leaders of the party in Parliament, offered him a seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Calne.

Macaulay entered Parliament on the eve of the great Reform Bill, which took the balance of power from the hands of the country gentlemen, where it had lain since the Revolution of 1688, and placed it in the hands of the great middle class. He took a prominent part in the passage of the bill. His first speech on Reform was received with a tempest of applause, and the veterans of the House compared it with the greatest efforts of Fox and Burke in the preceding generation. He became at once a marked man in public affairs, the idol of his Whig colleagues, no one of whom equalled him in the power of fervid and convincing eloquence, and the dreaded opponent of all who clung to the old order. The next four years were the busiest and brightest of his life. He spoke repeatedly in Parliament, adding steadily to his fame as an orator; and showed such talent for administration that he was given a place on the Board of Control for Indian Affairs. And he plunged with a young man's eagerness into the delights of London society, became a welcome guest at Holland House, for two generations the gathering place of many of the most famous men in England, and was soon a shining light in the brilliant society of wits and poets that met around its hospitable board. His sunny temper, his readiness to please and to be pleased, his wonderful flow of conversation, lacking only, as a rival talker said, "the brilliant flashes of silence," made him welcome wherever he went. At the same time, he kept up his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, although he had often to rise at five in the morning after a fierce night's debate in Parliament to complete his engagements with that magazine. Many of his most famous essays were dashed off in

this way, including those on Byron, on Johnson, and on Horace Walpole. Gladstone has remarked with justice that no Englishman except Pitt and Lord Byron ever won such immense distinction at so early an age.

Yet with all his success, his financial prospects were anything but cheerful. His father had not only lost his whole fortune, but had become deeply involved in debt, which Macaulay set himself resolutely to pay off. His fellowship expired, and an office which he had obtained shortly before entering Parliament was abolished in the general movement for reform and economy. It is to Macaulay's everlasting credit that he voted for this measure which left him almost penniless. Indeed, at one time he was obliged to sell the medals which he had won at Cambridge. But his independent spirit never faltered. Differing with his friends in the government on some detail in the bill for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, he resigned his office, and both spoke and voted against the measure. It was generally believed, and he shared the conviction, that this revolt against his party leaders would mean political ruin to him. But his party could not spare him; the government declined to accept his resignation, and agreed to a compromise acceptable to all parties.

About the end of 1833, Macaulay received an appointment which promised him in return for a brief exile from home and a period of hard labor in the trying climate of India, an independence for life. He became a member of the Supreme Council of India at a salary almost equal to that of the President of the United States, of which he expected to save at least one-half each year. It was not for himself alone that he wished a fortune; his father, his brother, and his sisters were practically dependent on him, and he had, moreover, the even higher motive of working for his country in one of the grandest of her many fields. He sailed in February, 1834, taking with him his favorite sister, Hannah,

and he spent the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope in incessant reading. "Except at meals," he said in a letter home, "I hardly exchanged a word with a human being. During the whole voyage I read with keen and increasing enjoyment. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English; folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos." In India itself he read enormously; his "reading account" for thirteen months included Æschylus and Sophocles, Pindar, Theocritus, Plautus, Terence and Lucretius twice, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, Livy, Sallust, and Cæsar, almost all of Xenophon, Plato, and Cicero, besides a host of minor classics. "Books are becoming everything to me," he wrote a little later. "If I had at this moment my choice of life, I would bury myself in one of those immense libraries at the Universities, and never pass a waking hour without a book before me." But this immense amount of reading was accomplished wholly in his leisure hours, before breakfast, or in the heat of the torrid Indian afternoon. For the rest of the time he worked on public affairs, perhaps even harder than he did at home. Besides the regular routine of the Council he undertook two most important tasks, the reorganization of public instruction in India, and the drawing up of a penal code. Both of them he accomplished with that union of zeal for reform and practical common sense, which marked all his public actions. He was outrageously abused for some of his acts by the Anglo-Indian papers, but only retaliated by a vigorous advocacy of the freedom of the press, which was at that time slandering him so foully that he could not let his sister see the morning papers.

In January, 1838, he set sail for England, a richer man not only by what he had saved, but also by a legacy of $50,000 from an Anglo-Indian uncle.

Shortly after his return he made a tour of Italy, visiting Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples; and finishing the

Lays of Ancient Rome, which he had begun in India. For the next seven or eight years his life was divided between politics and literature. He had already conceived the idea of a history of England, which he hoped to carry down from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of George IV., and he would gladly have devoted all his time to this work. But his party needed his services, and he once more entered Parliament, this time as member for Edinburgh. He became Secretary of War, and did his best to uphold the sinking fortunes of the Whigs, but at the same time he kept up his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, and contributed to it a number of his most brilliant essays, among others the famous Indian articles on Clive and Warren Hastings.

When the Whigs were driven from office in 1841, he took advantage of his comparative leisure to bring out the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The little volume was received with a chorus of applause, led by Macaulay's old adversary, Christopher North. It sold as no volume of poetry had done since Byron took the reading world by storm. Over one hundred thousand copies, his biographer assures us, were disposed of before 1875. In 1843, he consented somewhat reluctantly to the publication of his essays in book form. He had already rejected a proposal to this effect, insisting that essays were, after all, only ephemeral literature, meant for the pages of a magazine, and destined at best to a life of six weeks. But their widespread circulation in the United States, and the increasing influx of American reprints, forced his hand, and a three-volume edition appeared which was bought up even more rapidly than the *Lays* had been. In fact, the *Essays* soon became almost a necessary of life, and it is said that the number of copies sold in England varies like the number of tons of coal, only with the prosperity of the country. His last essays, those on Addison and Lord Chatham, were contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1844, after which year he ceased to produce this

form of literature, reserving all his efforts for the *History* which was now well under way. In 1847, he lost his seat in Parliament, owing to the inability of his constituents to sympathize with the freedom from sectarian prejudice that he had shown in voting money to support a Roman Catholic school in Ireland; but this loss was on the whole a gain for him, for from this time on he resolutely turned his back upon the distractions of politics, and set himself to accomplish his great work. The remaining years of his life were devoted to his *History*.

It is not too much to say that Macaulay wrote history in an entirely new fashion. He aimed at making it as amusing as a novel, but his easy reading was the result of very hard work. He rummaged in the State papers of his own and other countries, turned over thousands of pamphlets in the great libraries of England, and visited Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, and France to explore the scenes of which he was to write. Then, when he had gathered all the information available on any one episode, he sat down to write, dashing off page after page of manuscript in a "chaos of hieroglyphics." When he had finished his first draft, he set himself to the labor of expansion and revision — his task, he called it. Six pages of foolscap a morning was his limit, and these were so marred and crossed by changes and corrections that they seldom amounted to more than two pages of print. He did not, on the whole, compose rapidly, for he wrote only when in the mood for it, and often spent a long time in rewriting and perfecting a passage. It once took him nineteen days to finish some thirty pages. When at last he was satisfied with his work, he was in the habit of reading it aloud to his sisters or an intimate friend, — "the great object," he said, "is that it may read as if it had been spoken off," — and lastly he corrected the proof sheets with the most assiduous attention, and the most minute precision.

His labor met its reward at once. The first two volumes

appeared in November, 1848, and met with a reception such as had never been accorded to any serious book in the English language. The first edition of 3000 copies was sold out in ten days, and 13,000 were disposed of in less than four months. In America the sale was even greater. The Harpers wrote him that they had sold 40,000 copies almost immediately, and they estimated that in all about 200,000 would be disposed of within six months from its appearance. The next two volumes came out in 1855 and met with even greater success. Twenty-six thousand five hundred copies were sold in the first ten weeks, and his publishers were able to pay him in a few months the enormous sum of $100,000, the greatest amount ever paid at one time for one edition of a book. Nor has appreciation of the work been confined to the English-speaking peoples. The *History* has been translated into Polish, Danish, Swedish, Italian, French, Dutch, Spanish, Hungarian, Russian, and Czechish. Macaulay was elected a member of the Institution of France, and of the Academies of Utrecht, Munich, and Turin. The king of Prussia made him a Knight of the Order of Merit, the University of Oxford gave him the honorary degree of doctor of Civil Law, the queen made him a lord. Such success naturally awakened jealousy at the time, and since his death voices have been heard declaring that Macaulay was honored above his merits. It certainly is true that greater men have met with far less recognition; but it is none the less pleasant to find one man of letters, at least, rewarded as if he were a victorious general, or a successful merchant.

Macaulay's last years were broken by ill-health. His old district of Edinburgh repented of its treatment of so illustrious a representative, and in 1852 returned him to Parliament without his solicitation. But he took little part in the House of Commons, and none at all in the House of Lords. He spent most of the time at work in his library, but he

found leisure to entertain his friends, to become the adored uncle of a little circle of children — one of whom was afterward his biographer, — to dispense a generous and almost too lavish charity, and to make an annual tour through some of the loveliest scenes of Europe. He had long since realized that he would not be able to accomplish his work on the scale he had planned; he now saw that the end could not be far off, and that he would barely be able to finish the reign of his hero, William III. But in spite of chronic asthma, heart disease, and alarming fainting fits, he looked forward to the end with calm dignity. He had lived a useful and a happy life, and had ripened into a serene and beautiful old age. Only one sorrow stood before him — the parting with his beloved sister, who was soon to return to India with her husband. And even this he was spared. On the 28th of December, 1859, some months before she was to sail, he was found dead in his library, sitting quietly over a book. The sorrow for his death was universal; a grave in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey was assigned to him as an unquestioned right, and some of the greatest men of England bore his body to its last resting-place.

Macaulay's Work and Character

Macaulay's life-work was divided between politics and literature. As a politician we may dismiss him with a very brief mention. He was the last representative of the great Whigs of the eighteenth century; a champion of the sober middle class, alike against the dying overlordship of the gentry, and the growing power of the masses. He was a true Englishman in his love of ordered liberty, in his vigorous partisanship, and in his practical talent for affairs. He was a cheery optimist, and never, like some greater and sadder contemporaries, despaired of the republic. All in all, a very admirable type of the work-a-day statesman, eloquent, active, practical, and, in the best sense of the word, honest.

As a man of letters Macaulay may be considered as a poet, an essayist, and an historian. By some critics, it is true, the first title is altogether denied him. But this depends upon the definition of poetry. If by the word we mean only imaginative and emotional verse of the first class, the utterance of the inspired genius, Macaulay never wrote one line of poetry. But if the definition be made broad enough to include the utterance in spirited verse of some of the simpler passions of mankind, love of country, hatred of oppression, lust of battle, glory of triumph, it is hard to see why the title of poet should be denied to the author of the *Lays*, *Ivry*, and the *Armada*. The hearty approbation of generations of high-spirited, warm-blooded boys has set its stamp upon Macaulay's verse — good, sound stuff, not the pure gold of the mine, indeed, but honest, ringing steel fit for the combat.

As an essayist Macaulay occupies an almost unique position in English literature. He created the historical essay, a form of literature exactly suited to the time in which he

lived, a brief, clear, and illuminating introduction to some great era or some dominating personality. It is perfectly true that the more one knows about the era or the personality, the less one cares for Macaulay's introduction; but it is none the less valuable to the beginner for its stimulating quality, its power to awake interest in the past and the far away. Macaulay has been well called an almost unsurpassed leader to reading, and his essays have been to hundreds and thousands the door through which they entered into the great world of past politics, history, and literature. Macaulay is seldom a good critic, never an impartial judge; he is always, as in the *Essay on Milton*, an advocate pleading his cause. But — and this is the great merit of his work — his causes are almost always right. He is biassed indeed, but in favor of liberty, toleration, decency, and good faith. The immense popularity of his essays has made him throughout the century a tremendous power, working, on the whole, though with certain distinct limitations, for good.

Macaulay's *History* is, no doubt, his greatest work. To it he devoted fifteen of the best and ripest years of his life. His *Essays* he regarded rather slightingly, but his *History* he thought of as destined to long life, if not to immortality. "I have aimed high," he says of it. "I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind. I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style. . . . I think, though with some misgivings, that the book will live."

Macaulay had a theory of history quite new to English literature. According to him history should present not merely the acts of kings, soldiers, and statesmen, but the social life and the common interests of the nation at large. Above all, it should be entertaining. "If a book is not amusing, it wants," he declared, "the highest of all recommendations." And in order that the new history might entertain not merely students, but even the readers whom the ordinary

histories repelled, it must be written in the easiest and clearest style possible. That Macaulay succeeded in what he aimed at, is proved by the immediate and continued popularity of his work. Even to-day the *History* is as entertaining as a novel. The secret of its interest lies largely in Macaulay's remarkable faculty of historic imagination. He wrote of William's campaigns in Ireland and Flanders with the same dash and liveliness that an inspired war-correspondent does of the actions that are taking place before his eyes. By virtue of this faculty Macaulay is, perhaps, the best story-teller of modern historians. He has the secret of extracting entertainment even from the dull and common-place. The wrangles of shifty statesmen for place and power, the intricate details of ecclesiastical administration, the tortuous intrigues of foreign diplomacy, seen through the glass of Macaulay's vivid style, become a spectacle, movingly alive and thrillingly interesting.

Macaulay lacked, it must be confessed, some of the greatest qualities of a historian. In the *History* as in the *Essays* he is always partial, and often inaccurate. He has not sufficient breadth of sympathy to grasp and reproduce a great national movement like that of Puritanism. Nor with all his talent has he the creative genius to reconstruct in its entirety some great historic figure; his William III. is a pale shadow beside Carlyle's Cromwell or Frederick the Great. But what he tries to do he does perfectly; he amuses, instructs, and imparts to his readers his own prejudice for righteous causes and honest men.

In private life as in his work Macaulay's sympathies were limited. He had many pleasant acquaintances, but few close friends. He never married, but in the little circle of his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces, he gave and received more love than most men do in their own families. He knew almost nothing of contemporary literature, but he was better read than almost any man of his day in the litera-

ture of the past. On the other hand, he was quite insensible to music, and had the slightest possible appreciation of art. In all the practical relations of life he was most admirable; hard-working, independent, upright, and charitable. His character was singularly open and sincere. In all his busy life there seems to have been no act or thought of which he had cause to be ashamed, and he found his reward in the esteem of the whole world and in the loving devotion of those who knew him best.

Introduction to the Essay on Milton

The *Essay on Milton* was the first of Macaulay's long series of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, the first and greatest of the famous English quarterlies. Some knowledge of the history and purpose of this magazine is necessary to explain, and, in part at least, to justify the tone and character of Macaulay's essay.

In 1802, England was completely absorbed in the bitter struggle against Napoleon. All reforms at home had been laid aside, and there was danger that they would be completely forgotten, for the fear that any effort at reform would lead to a revolution like that in France had driven the nation into the most narrow and panic-stricken conservatism. In Scotland, especially, any suspicion of a leaning toward Liberal principles was enough to ruin the reputation of a young man. Yet it was in Scotland that there appeared the first sign of an intellectual revolt against this unreasoning spirit which clung, right or wrong, to the past. A little band of friends, for the most part young lawyers, met one stormy night at the house of one of their number, Francis Jeffrey, and decided, on the suggestion of Sidney Smith, the famous English wit and clergyman, to start a magazine which would serve as the mouthpiece of their views in literature, philosophy, and politics. The time was ripe for such an undertaking. In Scotland no critical journal of any sort existed, and in England the reviews were bound in a degrading slavery to the publishing trade. The success of the daring venture was immediate and beyond expectation. For a time, at least, its political views were not brought forward with undue emphasis. It made its way rather by its literary articles; and since it paid with quite unheard-of liberality for contributions, these were furnished by some of the best men in the country. Even so good a Tory as

Sir Walter Scott consented for a time to forget his political antipathies and contribute to its pages. Little by little, however, as Jeffrey, the first editor and master spirit of the review, felt the ground firm under his feet, he took a bolder tone and attacked the scandalous abuses then prevailing in England, the cruel game-laws, the disfranchisement of the Catholics, the absurd system of Parliamentary representation, and slavery in the colonies. The Conservative party took alarm; Scott ceased to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*, and transferred his services to its newly founded rival, the *Quarterly;* an old Scotch nobleman solemnly kicked the offending magazine out of his house into the gutter. But with the steady growth of Liberal principles, which set in after the fall of Napoleon, the magazine advanced in influence, and in the boldness with which it set forth its party principles.

By 1825, the tide of reform had risen high. All over the Continent there were uprisings against the tyranny of legitimate but lawless rulers. The noblest minds in England sympathized with the struggle for liberty in Italy and Greece, and were striving at home to secure justice and equal rights for the depressed and degraded, the Catholic, the negro, and the Jew. Jeffrey looked about him for new allies in the battle. "Can you not lay your hands," he wrote to a friend in London, in January, 1825, "upon some clever young man who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and either too busy or too stupid, and here (in Edinburgh) the young men are mostly Tories." The "clever young man" was at hand in Macaulay. His contributions to *Knight's Quarterly* had probably come under Jeffrey's notice, but the thing which particularly recommended him was a speech delivered at a great meeting of the Anti-slavery Society in January of the preceding year. The *Edinburgh Review* spoke with delight of the display of eloquence "so signal for rare and matured

excellence, that the most practised orators might well admire how it should have come from one who then for the first time addressed a public assembly." His zeal for liberty, hatred of oppression, and flow of impassioned rhetoric marked the young orator as the very man for whom Jeffrey was looking, and an opportunity was soon found to open to him the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Early in the year 1825, there appeared a translation of a newly discovered work of Milton, the *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*. Macaulay, in the first sentences of his essay, gives the story of its discovery, but recent research has shown that he was wrong in his conjectural account of how the manuscript came to be among the State papers. Professor Masson has discovered that the original manuscript, along with a copy of Milton's State Letters, was left in the hands of a young scholar, Daniel Skinner (perhaps a relative of Milton's old friend, Cyriac Skinner), who sometimes acted as Milton's amanuensis, drawn to him, as he said, by "a great desire and ambition of some of his knowledge." Milton wished these works to be published after his death, and since no license for their printing could be obtained from the English government, which had condemned two of the poet's books to be burned by the common hangman, young Skinner sent them over to the famous Dutch printer, Elzevir, at Amsterdam. Before they had gone through the press, however, Mr. Skinner had received a government appointment, which was promptly withdrawn when it was learned that he had been infected with Milton's friendship, and was actually proposing to publish some of that detested rebel's work. In great alarm for his future, Mr. Skinner declared that he had never imbibed any of Milton's opinions, withdrew the manuscript from the printer, whom he induced to write to the English government, declaring that he had never meant to publish them, and sent them home to his father, the *Mr. Skinner, Merchant*, whose name appears on

the envelope, by whom in turn they were handed over to the authorities.

It seemed to Jeffrey that the appearance of this book furnished a happy opportunity for an essay on Milton, which should at once defend his works from the aspersions cast upon them by the good old Tory, Dr. Johnson, whose *Life of Milton* was at that time the standard authority in England, and justify the political opinions of the poet, which had been the real cause of the Doctor's attacks. The task was intrusted to Macaulay, and he performed it in a manner to delight the heart of his employer.

Matthew Arnold complains of the "brilliant, metallic style of the essay, making strong points, alternating invective with eulogy, wrapping in a robe of rhetoric the thing it represents." But this is exactly Macaulay's purpose. His essay was meant to be, not a cold, critical investigation of Milton's claims to the title of a classic, but an impassioned defence of a poet who was a lover of freedom against critics who were lovers of authority. If he could make strong points and gain admirers, so much the better for his purpose. The eulogy was for the Liberal poet, the invective for his Tory detractors. Macaulay identified himself with the great conflict in Milton's days, as he was soon to do with the struggle for reform of his own time, and the essay is from first to last an *ex parte* plea, a defence, conducted by a brilliant young enthusiast, of "the genius and virtues of John Milton, poet, statesman, philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty."

It is not the purpose of this introduction to examine Macaulay's plea in detail, to point out where he has overstated his case, and to supply details that he has omitted. To do so would be to presuppose a far greater knowledge, not only of Milton's life and work, but also of the history of his times, social and political, than is likely to be in the

possession of any schoolboy preparing for the college examinations. Nor is it worth while to enter into the merits and defects of the celebrated "style," which set Jeffrey to wondering where the author could have "picked it up." Its merits are such as to force themselves upon the mind of any intelligent reader; its defects may be left to dawn gradually upon the judgment of the student of English literature in general, and English prose style in particular. Macaulay himself was by no means insensible to his faults. In the preface to the collected edition of his essays, he says, "The essay on Milton, which was written when the author was fresh from college, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his maturer judgment approves, still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." At a somewhat earlier date, to be sure, he had defended this ornamentation as permissible, if not even necessary, in periodical works, in order to attract the otherwise careless reader. Whether for the sake of the instant impression periodical works may be allowed to be "even viciously florid," to use Macaulay's own words, is a question of literary casuistry which we need not here discuss. But so much may be said: in spite of his faults of omission and commission, Macaulay is here, as nearly always, in the right; right in his admiration of Milton's genius, right in his eulogy of Milton's character, right in his championship of Milton's principles. And it is far better for the young reader to try to catch something of the young writer's enthusiasm for his hero, than to repeat at second hand the comments of colder and more cautious critics upon his fervent eulogy.

A Sketch of Milton's Life and Character

In order to supplement Macaulay's essay, which deals, as we have seen, in a strictly partisan fashion with Milton's poetry and public conduct, some knowledge of the events of Milton's life and of the environment that helped to mould his character is necessary to the student. Very admirable biographical sketches of Milton have been written by Mark Pattison and Dr. Garnett, and one of these should if possible be read. In case, however, the student cannot obtain either of them, or if pressure of work prevents his reading them, the following sketch will be found to supply the main facts of the poet's life.

John Milton was born in 1608, in Bread Street, London, not far from the Mermaid Tavern, where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson held high revel with their friends. He came of good yeoman stock, in Oxfordshire. His father had been driven from home for abandoning the family creed of Roman Catholicism, and had made a little independent fortune for himself as a scrivener, or, as we would say to-day, a business lawyer. He was a man of education and culture, a graduate of Oxford, and a musician of some note. He gave his son the best education in his power, securing a private tutor for him, and sending him to the famous grammar school of St. Paul's, in London.

The boy was devoted to his books, after his twelfth year seldom quitting them before midnight, a practice which no doubt was the first cause of his later blindness. But he was no mere bookworm; his father himself taught him music, and he became a skilful organist. From the age of ten, his first biographer tells us, he was a poet and read with delight the poems of older English singers, especially those of Chaucer and Spenser. At sixteen he entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he remained for seven years, taking

the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. His proud temper and impatience of restraint seem to have shown themselves in the first period of his college life by a quarrel with his tutor. There is a tradition that he was whipped at college, and it seems quite clear that he was suspended for a time. On his return, however, he was transferred to another tutor and went through the rest of his college life unblamed. He was nicknamed the Lady of Christ's from his beauty of face, long curling hair, and slender figure. But there was nothing weak or feminine in his body or mind. He was a good fencer, and utterly fearless of danger, and he had the higher courage of his own convictions. He had been destined for the ministry, but as he grew to manhood he came more and more to detest the ritual which the bishops were imposing upon the Church of England, till at last finding out, as he said afterward, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, he abandoned all thought of the Church and left Cambridge, at the age of twenty-three, for his father's country home at Horton. Here for five years he enjoyed, to use his own words, "a complete holiday in turning over the Latin and Greek authors," broken only by an occasional journey to London to buy books or to "learn something new in mathematics or in music." He had already begun to write poetry, the famous *Ode to the Nativity* had been composed in his twenty-first year; but this period of uninterrupted leisure gave birth to some of the loveliest poems in our language, *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso,* the *Masque of Comus,* and the elegy of *Lycidas.*

After his mother's death he started on a long Continental tour. Evidently his father, who had already done so much for him, stopped at no expense in completing his education, for the cost of such a tour in those days was reckoned at about five thousand dollars a year. Milton visited Paris, Florence, where he was most cordially received by the poets and scholars of the lovely town, Rome, where it is said his

frank avowal of Protestant principles enraged the Jesuits, and Naples, where he met the aged friend of one of his favorite poets, Tasso. He had meant to visit Sicily and Greece, but the news of the growing troubles in England changed his plans. "I thought it base," he said, "to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." So he retraced his steps, stopping once more at Florence, where he visited the blind philosopher, Galileo, just released from the prison of the Inquisition. Thence he pushed on to Geneva, the mother city of the militant Protestantism, of which he himself was to become so strong a champion. In 1639, after an absence of some fifteen months, he returned to England.

With this return the second period of Milton's life begins. The tyranny of Charles was in the very act of dissolution. The meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640 was the signal for a thorough-going reform, and Milton plunged eagerly into the struggle. There is no sign that he ever thought of taking up arms in the civil war which broke out two years later; his pen was more useful to the "good old cause" than his sword could have been, and with the exception of a few sonnets, his work for twenty years was a series of prose pamphlets written in defence of liberty, as he conceived it, in Church and State and domestic life. It is not worth while to give here a catalogue of these. Milton's prose is little read to-day, far less than it should be. But a brief note on their subjects will serve to show the aims of Milton's activity during this period. He wrote, first of all, against the bishops, whose intolerance and petty persecutions had provoked the bitterest resentment among the Puritans, and whose overthrow was thought to be the first necessity for a free and reformed national church. He defended the freedom of the press against the Presbyterian successors of the bishops, who were endeavoring to stifle all hostile criticism. He proposed to substitute a new

CHARLES I.
After the painting by Sir Peter Lely, after the lost Van Dyke.

and practical method of education for the old formularies which still dominated Oxford and Cambridge. He scandalized many of his friends by declaring for a more liberal theory of divorce than that permitted by the laws of England, "for he in vain boasts of liberty in the senate or in the forum, who languishes under the vilest servitude to an inferior at home." After the execution of the king he undertook the defence of the act against the clamorous outcry of the Royalists in England and on the Continent, and as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth he conducted its foreign correspondence. After he had resigned his post, and on the very eve of the Restoration, he wrote a number of pamphlets in the vain endeavor to persuade the nation to hold fast to its republican form of government. The Restoration of course put an end to his political activity. The wonder is that it did not put an end to his life. Two of his books were burnt by the common hangman, and that official might have operated on the poet himself, had not some friends in the new Parliament cleverly managed to keep his name out of the list of exceptions from the general amnesty. After a brief period of hiding, Milton was free to spend his life as he pleased among his books and to resume his long-abandoned project of writing an epic poem. But a few words on his domestic relations are here necessary, in order that we may know the circumstances under which his last years were spent.

In the summer of 1643, Milton, then a man of thirty-five, left London for the country. When he came back a month later, he brought a wife with him. Her name was Mary Powell, the daughter of a Cavalier country gentleman living near Oxford. She was a girl of seventeen, and the change from the gay life of her father's house to the sober seclusion of the Puritan scholar's home seems to have been too great a trial for her. Within a month after the marriage, she left her husband for a visit to her parents, promising to

return in the autumn. But time passed, and she did not come. Milton wrote to her, but received no answer; and a messenger whom he sent for her was dismissed with insult. It was at this time that he wrote the pamphlets on divorce already mentioned, and there can be no doubt that his own unhappiness inspired him to plead for a greater freedom in breaking a tie which linked two uncongenial spirits in mutual wretchedness. There is even a tradition that Milton considered himself free to marry again, and was actually contemplating such a step. But suddenly, about two years after she had left him, his runaway wife came back, threw herself at his feet, and begged his forgiveness. He pardoned her and took her back, and in the following year received into his house her whole family, who had been utterly ruined by the fall of the king's party.

The whole story is a mystery. Why Milton, the Puritan, should marry into a Cavalier family; why the family should in June give him their daughter and a month later take her away from him; why the gay girl of seventeen should be willing to accept a quiet scholar of nearly twice her age and almost immediately find it impossible to live with him; why, after a two years' absence, she should return so unexpectedly; and, strangest of all, why Milton should have begun a pamphlet on divorce, as testimony seems to show he did, within the honeymoon itself; we can only guess. So much seems clear, that the Powells were deeply in debt to Milton and his father. The marriage may have been patched up by them as a means of satisfying a creditor, and Mary Powell's return to her husband's house may have been a device of her parents to secure a refuge in the evil days that they foresaw to be at hand. Milton, on his part, may have been fascinated by the beauty and gentle manners of the girl. He was a poet as well as a scholar, and had all a poet's susceptibility. All the more deeply must he have been wounded when he discovered how he had been tricked into

the marriage, and when, instead of the helpmate and loving companion that he had hoped for, he found an unwilling captive in his home.

After her return, Mary Powell lived with Milton quietly enough until her death, seven years later. She bore him three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah, and a son who died in infancy. She herself died giving birth to her fourth child. Four years after her death Milton married again, only to lose his wife some fifteen months later. It was to her that he dedicated the beautiful sonnet, beginning: —

"Methought I saw my late espousèd saint."

Shortly after the Restoration Milton married for the third time, probably rather with the idea of securing a mother for his three young daughters and an attendant on his own wants, than with any hope of enjoying that happiness which he must once have looked forward to.

Even before the death of his first wife, Milton had become totally blind. As early as 1650, he had lost the sight of the left eye, and was warned by the doctor that if he persisted in his studies, he would lose that of the other. But just at this time he was called on by the Commonwealth to plead the cause of England at the bar of Continental Europe. The choice lay, as he said, between neglect of a supreme duty and the loss of eyesight, and in such a case he could not listen to the physician. His chief comfort in the long days of darkness — he had twenty-two years more to live — was that he had lost his sight in his country's service.

Macaulay draws a vivid picture of the misfortunes which came upon Milton at the Restoration. In some respects it is too highly colored. He was not poor, although he lost a large part of his fortune at this time, nor was he in any sense disgraced. But it is well-nigh impossible for any one nowadays to conceive the shock which the Restoration must have given him. He had looked upon England as a nation

chosen by God to do a great work. Under Cromwell, she had entered nobly on her mission as the champion of liberty and true religion throughout the world. But with the Restoration, she deliberately turned back from the true road, and gave herself over to slavery and persecution. The very names of republican and saint became terms of derision. The blow would have broken a weaker man; but Milton's proud spirit never faltered. He did not despair, he did not waste his life in fruitless plottings against the restored tyranny. He withdrew altogether from the world, and took up the task that twenty years before he had laid aside for his country's sake. He had always meant to be a poet; he had long meant to write a great epic poem, "something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die." At first he had planned to write a national epic on King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; but during the religious controversies which occupied him after his return to England, he had fixed upon the Fall of Man as his subject. For nearly twenty years the great theme lay ripening in his mind. He seems to have begun work on it shortly before the Restoration, but he can hardly have done much in that distracted time. We are told that he had almost completed it in 1663, yet we know that he did not work at it continuously, composing only when the inspiration was upon him. "Sometimes, when he lay awake whole nights, he tried, but not one verse could he make. At other times flowed easy his unpremeditated verse. . . . Then at what hour soever he rang for his daughter to secure what came." He had, of course, to dictate the poem, and an eyewitness has left an interesting picture of him, leaning back in his easy chair, with his leg thrown over its arm, while he recited the great poem in "parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty lines." The poem was for the most part composed in the winter, for, as Milton told his nephew, "his vein never happily flowed but from the Autumnal Equinoctial to the

OLIVER CROMWELL.
After the painting by Pieter van der Plaes.

Vernal." In 1665, the year of the Great Plague, he showed the manuscript, completed and revised, to a young friend, the Quaker Elwood, and two years later the poem was published. The agreement between the poet and the printer still exists; Milton got $25 down, and was to get $25 more for each edition that was sold. In all, he received $50, and his widow $35 more in full for all her rights. Not a great sum for such a work, but the value of *Paradise Lost* to Milton's fame and to English literature was something that could not be measured by money.

The friend to whom Milton first showed his completed poem said to him gravely, "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" The poet said nothing, but fell into a muse. Some years later he answered the question by showing his friend the poem of *Paradise Regained.* It is, in brief, a counterpart to the former poem. Adam had listened to the Tempter and lost Paradise; Jesus, the second representative of mankind, repulsed Satan and regained the blissful seat. The poem is an expanded narrative of the story of the temptation of Christ as recorded in the Gospels. It has little of the power of *Paradise Lost;* there is practically no action in it, and little delineation of character. But the old charm of Milton's grand style still remains, and some of the speeches are in his finest manner.

Samson Agonistes is a drama in the classical style. It represents the last day of the life of Samson and his victorious death, when, like a wrestler (Agonistes), he pulled down the pillars of the Philistine temple, and brought destruction alike upon himself and his enemies. Macaulay has pointed out correctly enough its chief fault as a play, but he has entirely overlooked its great and peculiar charm, the identification of the poet with the hero of the drama. Like Samson, Milton had once led the chosen people in warfare against God's enemies. Like Samson he had

failed, and now, old and blind, was the sport and laughter of his enemies. He had something of the old heroic strain in his blood, and would gladly have gone to death could he have pulled the tyranny of the Restoration crashing about the heads of Charles and James. And it is this revelation of the poet's mind, far more than "the severe dignity of the style or the wild melody of the choral passages," which makes *Samson Agonistes*, to him who reads it understandingly, one of the most solemn and pathetic things in English literature. Here, as nowhere else, we seem to see the noblest of our poets opening his heart to us.

Paradise Regained and *Samson Agonistes* were published together in 1670. Milton lived four years longer, but his work was done. Not that he rested from study and composition; his studious habit had taken too firm hold upon him to be cast aside. In these last years he completed and revised his *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, and worked away on various compilations, a text-book of Logic, a Latin Dictionary, and so on. But these were mere tasks to pass the time; there is nothing in them to add to his fame; it stands secure upon the poems of his youth, the *Sonnets* and one or two of the pamphlets of his middle age, and the two great epics and the drama of his last years.

We have some pleasant pictures of Milton in the last years of his life. His daughters indeed showed themselves anything but dutiful. We hear that they cheated him in the marketing, sold his books without his knowledge, and had at last to be sent away to learn a trade. But his wife cared for him, and young friends gathered round him eager to read to him and catch something of his knowledge. He rose very early, at four in summer, at five in winter, listened to a chapter of the Hebrew Bible — one wonders what friends were devoted enough to come to him at such hours — and passed the morning with an amanuensis, reading and writing. He took a little exercise, walking in the

garden and swinging in a machine, and kept up his music, playing on the bass-viol and the organ. In the evening friends came in for a talk, and after a frugal supper of olives or "some light thing" he smoked a pipe and went to bed at nine. The little record of the pipe before bedtime is a very human touch. One is too often inclined to think of Milton as something remote and unearthly in his purity and stateliness. But the pipe seems to bring him nearer to us. What a life of hopes and struggles and defeats and victories the old blind poet had to think over as he sat and smoked before the fire in the long dark evenings of later years. He died at last of gout, inherited, no doubt, from some hard-drinking ancestor, for he himself had always been most temperate.

Milton's character has been variously judged by his biographers. Perhaps none of them has spoken so highly of him as Macaulay, yet it would be hard to say that Macaulay's praise is unwarranted. But there are certain features in the poet's character that Macaulay, in the rôle of eulogist, passes over unnoticed. One of these, and perhaps the most striking, is his immense self-confidence; self-conceit we cannot call it, that is the quality of a smaller man, nor can we call it pride, except in some special meaning of that word. But Milton was one of the men who are always supremely sure that they are in the right, and in that confidence go on their way unfaltering. This characteristic shows itself in Milton's work as well as in his life. The fierce wrath which he pours out on his adversaries, the scorn and contempt with which he regards their action and their argument, is not because they are the adversaries of him, John Milton, but because they are the enemies of the Right of which he is the divinely appointed champion. This quality accounts, too, for his lack of sympathy with the common weaknesses of men. Milton was no Shakespeare or Chaucer. He could never have dwelt lovingly

on the figure of fat Jack Falstaff, and he would have administered Pride's Purge to the Canterbury Pilgrims. And the lack of humor, so noticeable in all his work, springs from this want of human sympathy. Life was too serious a matter for Milton to joke about; in his works the only people who joke are the devils.

This quality tended to make, and in the end did make, Milton a lonely man. Except in early youth he seems never to have had an intimate friend. Foreigners indeed came to visit the illustrious scholar, and young men gathered round him to read and listen to him. And in such circles he is said to have been the life of the company. But one cannot imagine Milton on terms of intimacy with anything lower than an archangel. In Wordsworth's splendid phrase, "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

It is foolish to wish the great men of the past other than they were. If they have their defects they have their corresponding virtues, and the two are usually too closely allied to be separated by a human hand. If Milton was narrower than Shakespeare or Chaucer he was also loftier, and it is hardly too much to say that it was the very narrowness that made him lofty. To the serene self-confidence which robbed him of sympathy and humor are due both the spotless purity of his youth and the heroic fortitude of his old age.

Milton was from first to last a lover of freedom and a lover of truth. To him the one seemed to spring directly from the other — "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," — and perhaps the noblest passages in his prose are his rapturous outbursts in praise of Truth and her attendant Liberty. Milton belonged properly to no party of his time. One by one in his search for truth he passed by them all, until he stood alone. Yet he was essentially a Puritan. Macaulay denies this, and declares that his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great

and good in any party. But men's natures do not compose themselves in this fashion. Milton undoubtedly was free from some of the most unpleasant characteristics of advanced Puritans, — a freedom easily explained by his early education and environment — but these characteristics are superficial. At heart Milton was always a Puritan, and enough has been said of his character to show that he had some, at least, of their faults as well as their virtues.

Milton was not only a Puritan, he was the poet of Puritanism, and his work sums up a mighty movement that extends over a century of English history. Puritanism took its rise under Queen Elizabeth, when England was fighting for her life against a foreign foe; it came to an end about the time that the Revolution of 1688 freed her definitely from domestic tyranny. This period is the heroic age of England in literature as in history, and Milton closes up that age. His quick sense of beauty, his lyric charm, his daring imagination, alike connect him with the great poets of Elizabeth's day, and distinguish him from the school of common-sense in rhyme that was to follow. And no figure could more fitly close the heroic age than that of the blind poet who, amid the ruin of his fortunes and the wreck of all his hopes, sat down unmoved to write the epic of the lost cause, and justify the ways of God to man.

Introduction to the Essay on Addison

This charming essay, like all of Macaulay's, was written for the *Edinburgh Review*, and appeared in July, 1843, the last but one of his contributions to that magazine. It was called forth by the publication of *The Life of Joseph Addison* by Miss Aikin, a well-known woman of letters of that day. She seems to have done the preliminary work for this book in a very careless fashion, for Macaulay discovered in his perusal of the advance sheets a number of most discreditable errors, which his advice enabled her to correct. Even with this aid the book was very faulty, and Macaulay found not less than forty "gross errors as to matters of fact" in the first volume. These he corrected in a series of footnotes to the essay, reserving the body of the work for his own presentation of the life and times of Addison. This separation of the temporary from the permanent was due, no doubt, to the higher opinion of his essays which Macaulay was beginning to entertain. He had at first regarded them as merely ephemeral productions, but the large sale of collected editions in America and the steady flow of these into England had forced him, in the early part of this year, to make his own collection and revision for the English public. This task gave him an opportunity to compare his earliest with the latest essays, and to estimate his progress in the art. He seems, on the whole, to have been well satisfied. "The most hostile critic must admit, I think," he writes to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, "that I have improved greatly as a writer. The third volume seems to me worth two of the second, and the second worth ten of the first." Of the *Essay on Addison*, which came out soon after the publication of his collected essays, he writes to the same friend, "I shall not be surprised if both you and the public think it a failure, but I own that I am partial to it."

Macaulay had good reason for this partiality. Of all his biographies, "after the manner of Plutarch," the *Essay on Addison* is perhaps the most successful. It lacks, indeed, the youthful enthusiasm which flames through the *Essay on Milton*, but it is, on the other hand, free from much of the exuberance of style and love of paradox which mars that early work. The subject was one on which he had read and thought since his earliest childhood. The great writers of the Augustan age, Swift, Pope, and Addison, were to Macaulay what Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron are to us; and even more, for we may well doubt whether the greatest lover of the Romantic poets to-day has steeped his mind in the life, social and political, and in the literature, good, bad, and indifferent, of their day, as Macaulay had done in the life and letters of Queen Anne's time. Moreover, the subject did not demand the possession of great critical ability. Macaulay was not of the first order of literary critics — a fact which he himself fully recognized. "I am not successful," he once said, "in analyzing the effect of works of genius. I have never written a page of criticism on poetry which I would not burn if I had the power." But the merits of Addison lie so plainly on the surface, that there was no such need of this critical analysis as in the case, let us say, of Byron, or the dramatists of the Restoration. A frank, straightforward eulogy of Addison's charm of style, kindly humor, and pure morality, is all that Macaulay gives, and really all that the theme demands.

But on the other hand, Macaulay's peculiar faculty of historic imagination found here full scope for its display. As we read this essay, we are carried back, as by magic, into the stirring life of a past age: Marlborough is campaigning on the Rhine and Danube; Whigs and Tories are plotting and counter-plotting at home; the coffee houses are crowded with the gay, bustling, talkative society of the day, smoking, drinking, passing about the freshest bit of news or scandal,

laughing impartially over Addison's happiest flash of humor or Pope's bitterest lampoon. The Kit-Cat Club is toasting the lovely Countess of Manchester, and the Squires of the October are drinking confusion to all foreigners in floods of home-brewed ale; while in the dark streets a party of Mohawks, with Warwick at their head, are beating the watch and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill. This dead past was very much alive to Macaulay, and far more real than the world about him — except, perhaps, the world of politics.

Unfortunately Macaulay's keen interest in contemporary politics combined with his historic imagination to give a partisan color to his presentation of the past. He transfers his bitter prejudice against the Conservatives of his own day to the Tories of Queen Anne's reign. He can see nothing good in them, as he can see nothing to blame in the conduct of the Whigs. His imagination re-echoes in our ears the roar of obloquy that followed a Whig ministry out of office in 1710; his party spirit suppresses the fact that for five years this ministry had poured out English blood in torrents to gratify the ambition of their great leader and feed fat the ancient grudge they bore the king of France. The same party spirit influences even Macaulay's conception of private persons: Swift went over from the Whigs to the Tories, therefore Swift is described as a renegade who sacrificed honor to revenge; Pope was the most brilliant of the band of wits who formed the opposition to Addison's little senate of Whig scribblers, and had even dared to attack the blameless Addison himself, therefore Pope is pelted with every epithet at Macaulay's command. It would take too long to point out here the weighty reasons which led Swift to his change of sides, or to attempt an analysis, if not a defence, of the character of Pope, the strangest compound of sensitiveness and selfishness, bitterness and generosity, duplicity and genius, that our race has produced; but so much at

least may be said, Macaulay's estimate of neither of these men is for a moment to be taken as a final judgment.

Some other cause than party prejudice, however, must be sought for to explain Macaulay's onslaught upon Richard Steele, — a good Whig, and, but for a trifling difference at the last, a life-long friend of Addison. The reason is probably to be found in two characteristic qualities of Macaulay as a writer, his inability to comprehend mixed and varied characters, and his overfondness for strong colors and sharp contrasts. The first of these sprang from his own simplicity of character, and consistency of action. Apparently he never sinned nor repented in his life; and his moral judgments on less fortunate men have always in them something of the Puritan, and occasionally something of the Pharisee. That a man could be imprudent, reckless, and irregular, yet at bottom a man of high ideals and generous instincts, was a fact so repugnant to his conception of life that he preferred to reject it altogether, and, while exaggerating the misdeeds of his victim, ignore or explain away the good qualities that lay within. And his love of color and contrast led him, unconsciously, no doubt, to paint Steele's morals as black as possible, to serve as a foil to the snowy purity of Addison's character, and to rank Steele's talents as low as possible, to heighten the greater genius of his chosen hero. For a full vindication of Steele's character and capabilities the student is referred to the essay by Forster, written in direct contradiction of Macaulay's view, or to the charming life of Steele by Austin Dobson. It will be sufficient here to deny peremptorily some of the most sweeping of Macaulay's charges, and then leave to the student the not unpleasant task of examining the evidence. Steele never lived a "vagrant life"; he had nothing either of the rake or the swindler in his composition. There is not a shadow of proof for the assertion that he ever "diced himself into a spunging house, or drank himself into a fever"; nor is

there any slightest evidence that Addison regarded him with scorn — though this scorn was, in Macaulay's phrase, not unmingled with kindness. As a matter of fact, the scorn is Macaulay's own feeling toward Steele, and he unconsciously transfers it to Addison. Addison's sole attempt to keep Steele out of scrapes consisted, so far as we know, in advising him to hold his peace, when Steele thought that his duty to his country bade him cry aloud and spare not. Addison did not introduce Steele to "the great," nor procure a good place for him; on the contrary, Steele was a prominent figure in the social and political world when Addison was comparatively unknown. If Addison lent him money, Steele repaid it; for the only direct evidence of a loan is Steele's letter to his wife saying that he has paid Mr. Addison his whole £1000. As for the story that Addison was once forced to repay himself by selling Steele out, it rests solely on the authority of the scoundrel, Savage, who had his own reasons for hating Steele; and, even if it be true, it does not, one would think, exactly reflect credit on Addison. The vivid little picture of "poor Dick" begging a loan on the plea that he has not bite nor sup in the house, and then squandering Addison's hard-earned money on champagne and sweetmeats, is as purely fictitious as any scene in Thackeray or Dickens.

In the world of letters, too, Macaulay's attempt to exalt Addison by belittling Steele is quite out of accord with the facts of the case. Steele was by far the more original of the two; he founded the *Tatler*, determined its character, and made a success of it before Addison began his contributions. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley was invented by Steele, and he contributed more than one touch to its development. We may well admit the claim of Addison to rank as the more finished artist, without denying Steele's happy boast that it was to him the world owed its Addison. And there are some few papers by the lesser of the partners

in literary fame that for sweet and simple humor, for honest and sturdy morality, for a fine sense of the pathos of human life, may rank with the best of his more famous friend's.

Enough, and perhaps too much, has been said on this subject. But it is only fair to the young reader, who, in all probability, makes his entrance through this essay into the fascinating circle of the "wits" of Queen Anne's day, to warn him against so great an injustice as is done here to one of the gentlest, kindest, and most lovable of their number.

The *Essay on Addison* is, as has been said, essentially a brief biography. The facts of Addison's life are so well and so fully told here, that it seems quite unnecessary to add to this introduction any biographical notice. On the other hand, the essay abounds in references to the history, politics, and statesmen of the time, which demand for their comprehension a fuller knowledge of English history than can be presumed in the average American schoolboy. A brief sketch of English history, from the accession of James II. to that of George I., is therefore appended, which should be carefully read by the student before entering upon the essay itself, and referred to thereafter during his study of the work.

An Outline of English History from 1685 to 1715

When James II. came to the throne, in 1685, he found the royal authority stronger in England than it had been since the first years of his father's reign, more than half a century before. He spent the three years of his reign in attempting to make this authority absolute, and only succeeded in provoking a revolution, which drove him from the throne and rendered absolute monarchy henceforward an impossibility in England. He did this by such a series of attacks on the law, the property, and the religion of his subjects as to leave them no choice but that between slavery and rebellion. Since the days of Cromwell Englishmen detested the very name of rebellion; but they had no mind to sacrifice all their hard-earned rights to the king's pleasure, and at last rebellion broke out, in consequence of an event which James had looked forward to as destined to perpetuate the royal power. This was the birth, in 1688, of his son and heir. James had already two daughters by his first wife: Mary, married to her cousin, William of Orange, and Anne, married to Prince George of Denmark. They were both very popular in England, women of good character, and stanch Protestants. So long, therefore, as it was believed that one of them would soon inherit the throne, people were content to endure the tyranny of James in the hope that his death — he was over fifty when he became king — would terminate the evil time. But in the birth of this prince, who would doubtless be bred up in his father's religion and arbitrary ideas, the nation foresaw an indefinite prolongation of the tyranny. A story was spread about that the child was not the son of James at all, but an impostor, smuggled into the palace in a warming-pan to be palmed off on the nation as the true heir. There was not the slightest foundation for this story; but it was very gener-

QUEEN ANNE.
After the painting by Godfrey Kneller.

ally believed at the time, and the most influential men in England invited William of Orange to come over and deliver the nation.

He did so, and the royal tyranny fell to pieces at once. James fled to France, and a representative convention declared the throne vacant and offered the crown to William and Mary in joint sovereignty, passing at the same time the famous Declaration of Right.[1]

William reigned in conjunction with his wife till 1694, when she died, and then alone till 1702. He was by no means popular in England. He was cold, haughty, and reserved in manner, and as a foreigner was intensely disliked by the majority of his subjects. All his interests were centred in continental politics, especially in checking the enormous power of France, at that time the champion of absolute monarchy and religious intolerance. To withstand France it was necessary for William to secure the support of England in men and money, and to gain this he submitted to both injuries and insults from the English Parliament. The nation was at this time divided into the parties of Whigs and Tories, the former on the whole supporting William, the latter opposing him at every turn, and constantly intriguing with the exiled James.

William's reign was almost entirely taken up with war against Louis XIV. In spite of several defeats he finally forced that monarch to make peace and by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697 to disown James, whom he had been supporting, and to acknowledge William as the lawful king of England. Shortly after this treaty Parliament passed the Act of Settlement, determining the succession to the throne. It was to go on William's death to the Princess Anne, and after her, as the last of her children had already died, to Sophia, the wife of the Elector of Hanover, or to her son. This lady was the grand-daughter of James I., and her son,

[1] See note on l. 1135 of the *Essay on Milton*.

who subsequently became George I. of England, was thus the second cousin of the son of James II., variously known as the Old Pretender and as the Chevalier de St. George. Even setting this prince aside, there were other descendants of James I. who had by hereditary right a better title to the crown of England than Sophia, but they were all Roman Catholics, and the nation had suffered too much from James II. to allow another Roman Catholic sovereign on the throne.

In 1698 and 1700 William and Louis negotiated the two Partition Treaties for the division of the Spanish monarchy. They were very unpopular in England, and those ministers of William who were suspected of having a hand in the negotiations, among them Addison's generous patron, Halifax, were threatened with impeachment by the House of Commons. The House was at this time strongly Tory, and its refusal to support William compelled him to stand inactive while Louis broke the Partition Treaty and accepted the throne of Spain for his grandson.[1] But Louis's next act roused a flame of indignation in England, and precipitated the War of the Spanish Succession; he visited the bedside of the dying James, and promised him to recognize his son as the legitimate king of Great Britain. This open violation of the treaty of Ryswick, the insolence with which Louis disregarded the Act of Succession, and the implied threat that he would some day assist the Pretender to regain the throne by force, were quite enough to cause a rapid revulsion of feeling in England. In a month the country was as hot for war as it had been cold before. William then formed the Grand Alliance of England, Austria, Holland, and some minor German states, and planned to open the war in the spring of 1702. But in March he was thrown from his horse and died shortly afterward.

Anne's accession to the throne did not materially alter

[1] See note on l. 721 of the *Essay on Addison*.

the situation. She chose, it is true, Tories for her ministers, but their great leader, Marlborough, was as eager for the war as William had been. His chief ally in this policy was Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, who for the next eight years directed the home affairs, as Marlborough did the foreign relations of England. Macaulay has pointed out in the essay on Addison, how these statesmen drifted away little by little from their own party and sought the support of the Whigs, who were heart and soul for the war, whereas the Tories were opposed on principle to foreign alliances, and would gladly have made peace on a promise from Louis to disown the Pretender. After Marlborough's first great victories at Blenheim and Ramillies, a definite alliance was formed between his followers among the Tories, and the Whigs under Halifax and Somers. These statesmen were recalled to office; Marlborough's son-in-law, Sunderland, one of the most violent of the Whigs, was made Secretary of State, and it was resolved to push the war till Louis was brought to his knees. Not long after this Harley and Bolingbroke, two leaders of the Tories, were driven out of office, and the Ministry became altogether Whig.

But a great reaction against the war was taking place in the mind of the queen, and in the nation at large. With the queen it was wholly a personal matter. Anne was by this time heartily sick of her old favorite, the Duchess of Marlborough, and her dislike extended to the duke and the war party in general. The nation, too, was growing weary of the war, and was quite ready to listen to the proposals for peace which Louis was now offering. He was willing to grant everything the allies asked, except to join them in driving his grandson by arms from the throne of Spain. But Marlborough, who was earning great glory, and making much money in the war, insisted on this point, and so the fighting went on. In 1709, Marlborough won his last great victory at Malplaquet, but with such a fearful loss of life

as to shock all England into sobriety. From this time events moved rapidly toward the downfall of Marlborough and the Whigs. Toward the close of 1709, Sacheverell, a popular preacher in London, made a violent onslaught on the Ministry, denouncing the Whig principles, and declaring that the Church was in danger at their hands. Godolphin, whom he had personally attacked, insisted on prosecuting him before the House of Lords. This step was represented as a persecution of the Church; the mob of London took sides with their favorite preacher, and after the trial, which resulted in a mere nominal sentence, Sacheverell travelled through England, inflaming the passions of the country gentlemen against the Whigs. The queen was emboldened by the display of popular sentiment to take action against her ministers. She refused Marlborough's request to be made Commander-in-Chief for life, and turned the duchess out of all her offices at court. She dismissed Sunderland and Godolphin from office, and recalled Harley and Bolingbroke. A general election in 1710 returned a strong Tory majority to the House of Commons, which at once took steps to bring the war to a close. Marlborough was removed from his place as Commander-in-Chief, the English troops ceased to take active part in the fighting, and in the spring of 1713 the Peace of Utrecht closed the War of the Spanish Succession. Louis obtained far more favorable terms than he had offered a few years before; but the treaty was none the less popular in England, for the nation felt that the power of France had been so broken by Marlborough's victories that it was no longer dangerous, and, moreover, Louis swore to acknowledge the Protestant succession and to disown the Pretender.

The period between the signing of the treaty and the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, was occupied with the question of the succession to the throne. This had been already decided by the Act of Settlement; but the Tories,

and Anne herself, hated the idea of a German prince on the throne of England, and would have been glad to call the Pretender back on certain conditions. The chief of these was that he would become a Protestant; but this he flatly refused to do. His refusal left the Tories in an awkward position, and they ruined their cause by quarrelling among themselves. Bolingbroke, the most impetuous of them, drove his slower colleague, Harley, now Earl of Oxford, from power, and was, apparently, making ready to proclaim the Pretender. But his plans were not matured when the queen suddenly died, and the Whigs, who were united and knew exactly what they wanted, seized the power and proclaimed George king. The Tory party collapsed at once; and shortly after the arrival of George, Bolingbroke fled to France, where he entered into the service of the Pretender.

An attempt in the following year, 1715, to raise Scotland for the Stuarts broke down completely, and from that day the House of Hanover has sat firmly upon the English throne. The Whigs, who had placed them there, proved the steady guardians of constitutional monarchy, and for nearly fifty years the Tories were kept out of power. The quarrel between two sections of the Whig party, led respectively by Sunderland and Townshend, which Macaulay mentions in the *Essay on Addison*, was of little importance; and the struggle over the Peerage Bill, which was meant to secure the Whig majority in the House of Lords against all contingencies, would have been forgotten long ago, but for the unfortunate fact that it set Addison and Steele at odds. With the failure of the Scottish uprising, in 1715, the long struggle between absolute and constitutional monarchy came to an end, and a new period, that of the supremacy of the gentry, began in the history of England.

A List of the Whig and Tory Politicians Mentioned in the Essay on Addison

Whigs

Montague. Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, made his mark in the reign of Charles II. as the leader of the "Trimmers," a party which attempted to hold a middle course between the radical Whigs and the royalist Tories. He was a trusted minister of William III. and a member of the Whig "Junto," under Queen Anne.

Somers. John, Baron Somers, first distinguished himself by his able defence of the seven Bishops (see note on *Essay on Addison*, l. 164.) He became the most trusted adviser of William III., who made him Lord Chancellor, and he was a leader of the Whigs till their fall in 1710.

Shrewsbury. Charles Talbot, twelfth Earl of Shrewsbury, may best be ranked as a Whig, though at one time he was engaged in treasonable correspondence with the exiled James. He took a leading part in placing William on the English throne, and his return to office in 1714 did much to secure the peaceable accession of George I.

Manchester. Charles Montagu, the fourth Earl of Manchester. He headed a rising in the North in support of William's invasion. In William's reign and that of Anne he was frequently employed as an ambassador.

Sunderland. Charles, Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, a member of the Whig "Junto" in Queen Anne's reign and Prime Minister under George I.

Cowper. A great Whig lawyer, Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne. Macaulay calls him perhaps the best Whig speaker of that reign.

Wharton. Thomas, Earl of Wharton, a leading Whig politician under William III. and Anne, talented, versatile, and cynically immoral. He was a patron of Addison, who served under him in Ireland and dedicated the fifth volume of the *Spectator* to him.

Townshend. Charles, Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State under George I. from 1714 to 1717, when he was displaced by the intrigues of Sunderland.

Craggs. James Craggs, Jr., a young Whig politician of great talent. He was the warm friend of Pope and of Addison, who dedicated his collected works to him.

TORIES

Somerset. Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, "the proud Duke," may perhaps be ranked as a Tory, although he took up arms to support the invasion of William in 1688, and acted with the Whigs in proclaiming George I. in 1715. He was a great favorite with Queen Anne.

Godolphin. Sidney Godolphin entered political life under Charles II., who spoke of him as a man never in the way and never out of the way. He adhered to James II. till the very last, but became a minister of state under William III. His only son married Marlborough's daughter, and he and Marlborough became close allies. His fall from office in 1710 opened the way for the High Tory ministry of Harley and Bolingbroke.

Marlborough. John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, one of the greatest of English generals, may also be considered as a Tory, though in his long career he deserted every party in turn. He was implicitly trusted by James II., who sent him out at the head of his army to oppose the invasion of William. Churchill's sudden desertion of the King, involving as it did the flight of the Princess Anne from her father, was chiefly responsible for the collapse of the Stuart cause in England. In spite of the honors and rewards which William heaped upon him he soon began a treacherous correspondence with James, going so far as to inform him of the movements of the English army against France. On William's death he became, through his own and his wife's influence over Queen Anne, the most powerful man in England. He was made Captain-General of the army, and on the breaking out of the War of the Spanish Succession became Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in Flanders. In this war he displayed the most amazing military genius, and in the four great victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, he completely broke the power of France. In reward for his services he was created a duke, and the splendid palace of Blenheim, the present seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, was built for him at the public expense. After his fall in 1711 he remained abroad till the death of Anne. He returned immediately after this and resumed his military offices, but took little or no part thereafter in public life. He died in 1722 at the age of 72.

Nottingham. Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, was one of the leading Tory peers in the reigns of William III. and Anne. He was Secretary of State under Godolphin, but retired in 1704 when that statesman and Marlborough began to move toward the Whigs.

Jersey. Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey, Lord Chamberlain under Queen Anne. He shared Nottingham's dislike of Marlborough's foreign policy and was dismissed from office in 1704.

Harley. Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, came into prominence in William's reign as a master of parliamentary politics. He was Speaker of the House of Commons in Anne's first parliament, succeeded Nottingham as Secretary of State in 1704, and gradually undermined the ministry of Marlborough and Godolphin. They forced him out of office, but he continued to influence the queen through his cousin, Mrs. Masham, and in 1710 returned to power as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He brought about the close of the War of the Spanish Succession by the Peace of Utrecht. He was driven from power by his old ally Bolingbroke in 1714, and never returned to office. He was a great patron of letters, and the intimate friend of Swift and Pope.

St. John. Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the most brilliant politician of Queen Anne's reign, first distinguished himself as the mouthpiece of Tory attacks on the foreign policy of William III. He was introduced into office by Marlborough at the same time as Harley. He joined Harley in his intrigue against Marlborough, went out of office with him in 1708, and returned to it on the fall of the Whigs in 1710. He helped to negotiate the Peace of Utrecht, managed to oust Harley from the government, and seems to have been plotting to secure the return of the Stuarts, when Anne's sudden death disconcerted his plans. He fled to France and entered the service of the Pretender. He returned in 1723 and made a vain attempt to reenter public life. He was a dissolute man and a sceptical philosopher. He showed marked literary ability, and was the friend and patron of Swift and Pope.

Examination Questions

The following, composed in part of questions actually occurring in papers set in the year 1900, may be regarded as typical examination questions. Probably not more than one or two of such questions will occur in any paper, but the student should be prepared to answer any of them.

I. Macaulay

1. Give a brief outline of Macaulay's life.
2. What are Macaulay's most important works? What are his chief merits as a poet, essayist, and historian?
3. Discuss some of the qualities of Macaulay's style.
4. What was Macaulay's character in private life? Name some of his contemporaries, and tell what they were famous for in politics and literature.

II. The Essay on Milton

1. Under what circumstances was the *Essay on Milton* written? Why does Macaulay make such a vigorous defence of Milton?
2. What was Macaulay's opinion of the relation existing between civilization and poetry? How does he account for this?
3. What does Macaulay consider the most striking characteristic of Milton's poetry? In which of his poems is this characteristic especially displayed?
4. Give a brief summary of Macaulay's criticism on *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes*.
5. What comparison does Macaulay draw between Milton and Dante?

6. Give a brief account of Milton's early life, education, and travels.

7. What principal argument is advanced by Macaulay to justify the resistance of the English people to Charles I.?

8. What does Macaulay think of the execution of Charles I.? How does he justify Milton's defence of that act?

9. What qualities does Macaulay ascribe to the Puritans?

10. What apparent inconsistencies appear in the character of the Puritans?

11. What qualities does Macaulay ascribe to the Royalists?

12. Contrast the Puritans and Royalists from the social, political, and religious points of view.

13. What does Macaulay say of the personal character of Milton?

14. How does Milton differ from the ordinary Puritans?

15. What did you think of the *Essay on Milton*? What parts interested you most? Why? What are its chief merits?

III. The Essay on Addison

1. Give a brief sketch of the early life and education of Addison.

2. Under what circumstances was the *Campaign* written?

3. What is Macaulay's estimate of the *Campaign*? Of Addison's poetry in general?

4. Describe the founding of the *Tatler* and of the *Spectator*. Why were these periodicals so successful?

5. What influence did Addison exert on English morals, through the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

6. What comparison does Macaulay draw between Addison's humor and that of Swift and Voltaire?

7. Tell all you know about Addison's play, *Cato*.

8. What are Addison's chief merits and defects as a writer?

9. Describe Addison's relations with Steele, Swift, and Pope.

10. Sketch briefly Addison's political career.

11. Name the leading public men of both parties in Addison's day.

12. What is Macaulay's estimate of Addison's personal character?

13. What qualities made Addison a successful man?

14. What criticism does Macaulay make of Addison's learning?

15. Which essay do you prefer, that on Milton, or that on Addison? Give reasons for your preference.

A Brief Bibliography

I. Macaulay

The standard authority for Macaulay is the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew George Otto Trevelyan. This is one of the best biographies in English, and should be read by every one who wishes to know the gentler and better side of Macaulay's character.

The *Macaulay* by J. Cotter Morison, in the English Men of Letters Series, is an interesting critical study.

There are good essays on Macaulay by Walter Bagehot in his *Miscellanies*, vol. 1; John Morley in his *Critical Essays*, vol. 2; Leslie Stephen in *Hours in a Library* (Third Series); Frederic Harrison in *Studies in Early Victorian Literature;* and Professor Saintsbury in *Corrected Impressions.* There is a charming contemporary estimate of Macaulay's character by Thackeray in *Nil Nisi Bonum*, one of the *Roundabout Papers.*

II. Milton

The great life of Milton is, of course, Professor Masson's encyclopædic work, the *Life of John Milton.* This, however, is for reference rather than for reading. The Life of Milton in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is well worth reading. There is a very good sketch of Milton's life and work by Pattison in the English Men of Letters Series, and another by Dr. Garnett in the Great Writers Series.

There are innumerable essays on Milton; two of these may interest the more advanced student — Lowell's in *Among My Books* (Second Series) and Arnold's, entitled "A French Critic on Milton," in his *Mixed Essays.*

III. Addison

In addition to Miss Aikin's *Life of Addison*, the *Addison* of Professor Courthope, in the English Men of Letters Series, may be mentioned. There is a very interesting life of Addison included in Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.*

IV. Miscellaneous

For students or teachers who wish to read more widely, the following works may be suggested: the *Life of Steele* by Austin Dobson, in the English Worthies Series; *Selections from Steele* by Professor Carpenter, in the Athenæum Press Series; Forster's essay on Steele, in *Biographical Essays; Pope* and *Swift*, in the English Men of Letters Series, both by Leslie Stephen; Thackeray's famous novel, *Henry Esmond*, and his lectures on Swift, Congreve and Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, and Pope, in his *English Humourists;* Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.*

For the history of the times referred to in these essays the student may consult Green's *Short History of the English People*, Macaulay's *History of England*, Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, and the handbooks in the Epochs of Modern History Series on the *Puritan Revolution*, the *Fall of the Stuarts*, and the *Age of Anne.*

JOHN MILTON.
After the painting by Faed, from the print by Faithorne.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS

CONTRIBUTED TO

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW

MILTON. (AUGUST, 1825.)

Joannis Miltoni, Angli, de Doctrinâ Christianâ libri duo posthumi. A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. By JOHN MILTON, translated from the Original by Charles R. Sumner, M.A., &c., &c. 1825.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the state papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office, met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign despatches written by Milton, while he filled the office of Secretary, and several papers relating to the Popish Trials and the Rye-house Plot. The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed *To Mr. Skinner, Merchant.* On examination, the large manuscript proved to be the long lost Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity, which, according to Wood and Toland, Milton finished after the Restoration, and deposited with Cyriac Skinner. Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford parliament,

and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it has been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have been, no doubt can exist that it is a genuine relic of the great poet.

Mr. Sumner, who was commanded by his Majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honourable to his talents and to his character. His version is not indeed very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written, though not exactly in the style of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterises the diction of our academical Pharisees. The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not in short sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of his subject compelled him to use many words

"That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue; and, where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. We may apply to him what Denham with great felicity says of Cowley. He wears the garb, but not the clothes of the ancients.

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a

powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. Milton professes to form his system from the Bible alone; and his digest of Scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the Paradise Lost without suspecting him of the former; nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise.

But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days, and this essay will follow the *Defensio Populi* to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room, and a few columns in every magazine; and it will then, to borrow the elegant language of the playbills, be withdrawn, to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish however to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint, till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, a

thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day, to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilised world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men, who, born in the infancy of civilisation, supplied, by their own powers, the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavourable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought

fit to make him the butt of much clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilisation which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilised age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phænomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying him-

self for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilised people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalisation is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyse human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lacrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human

actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:

> "As imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet, — a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, every thing ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative.

They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilised community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry

effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education: he was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are

wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination: nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as an habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hothouse to the growth of oaks. That the author of the Paradise Lost should have written the Epistle to Manso was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed in all the Latin poems of Milton the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, his genius gives to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

> "About him exercised heroic games
> The unarmed youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
> Celestial armoury, shield, helm, and spear,
> Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight

of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style, which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the Iliad. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets the images in so clear a light, that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing: but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts

like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonyme for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame." The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to translate into his own diction some parts of the Paradise Lost, is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known or more frequently repeated than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamoured knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the Allegro and the Penseroso. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others, as attar of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems, as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza.

The Comus and the Samson Agonistes are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. Both are lyric poems in the form of plays. There are perhaps no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was, that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newbery, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotions.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavoured to effect an amalgamation, but never with

complete success. The Greek Drama, on the model of which the Samson was written, sprang from the Ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time, the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinctured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is discernible in the works of Pindar and Æschylus. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytæmnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnificence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he

destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly, much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved. Indeed the caresses which this partiality leads our countrymen to bestow on "sad Electra's poet," sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairy-land kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the Samson Agonistes. Had Milton taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralise each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The Comus is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, as the Samson is framed on the model of the Greek Tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the Faithful Shepherdess, as the Faithful Shepherdess is to the Aminta, or the Aminta to the Pastor Fido. It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But

he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-Day. Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the Comus to the distinction which he afterwards neglected in the Samson. He made his Masque what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labour of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own good Genius bursting from

the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,

> "Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly or I can run,"

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the Paradise Regained, which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of the parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the Paradise Lost, we readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the Paradise Lost to the Paradise Regained is not more decided, than the superiority of the Paradise Regained to every poem which has since made its appearance. Our limits, however, prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the Paradise Lost is the Divine Comedy. The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for them-

selves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the colour, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn; not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem; but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles.

Now let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas; his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod. "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were

in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him, that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazar-house in the eleventh book of the Paradise Lost with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery, Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance, Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has wisely, or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The Divine Comedy is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death, who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope, who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon, who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Draghignazzo. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer. His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale in incred-

ulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with a sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amadis differ from those of Gulliver. The author of Amadis would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift, the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies and giants, flying islands, and philosophising horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him: and as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophise too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phænomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something

which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word; but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colours to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions. But the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of Gods and Goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the Sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception: but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among

men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new Paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations, we infer that no poet, who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical colouring can produce no illusion, when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers

and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary that the spirits should be clothed with material forms. "But," says he, "the poet should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if Milton could not seduce his readers to drop immateriality from their thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the half belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem,

which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and dæmons, without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fe*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and dæmons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the super-

stitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonise less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticoes in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favourite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart, the gigantic Titans, and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture: he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from any thing external, nor even from hope itself.

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have

been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame, who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, coloured by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hope of heaven could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness." The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the Sovereign and of the public. It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these that fair Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rout of Satyrs and Goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.

Hence it was that, though he wrote the Paradise Lost at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental haram, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy-land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed for ever, led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterise these little pieces remind us of the Greek Anthology, or perhaps still more of the Collects of the Eng-

lish Liturgy. The noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse.

The sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would, indeed, be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and of an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind, at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with an unwonted fear.

Of those principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The civil war, indeed, has been more discussed, and is less

understood, than any event in English history. The friends of liberty laboured under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly. Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, the Roundheads had done their utmost to decry and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book on their side of the question is the charming narrative of Mrs. Hutchinson. May's History of the Parliament is good; but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow is foolish and violent; and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause, Oldmixon for instance, and Catherine Macaulay, have, to say the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candour or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language, that of Clarendon, and that of Hume. The former is not only ably written and full of valuable information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion, and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity of an advocate while affecting the impartiality of a judge.

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned according as the resistance of the people to Charles the First shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds. We shall not recur to those primary principles from which the claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced. We are entitled to that vantage ground; but we

will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority, that we are not unwilling to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights, who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonists the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked constitutional question. We confidently affirm, that every reason which can be urged in favour of the Revolution of 1688 may be urged with at least equal force in favour of what is called the Great Rebellion.

In one respect, only, we think, can the warmest admirers of Charles venture to say that he was a better sovereign than his son. He was not, in name and profession, a Papist; we say in name and profession, because both Charles himself and his creature Laud, while they abjured the innocent badges of Popery, retained all its worst vices, a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a merciless intolerance. This, however, we waive. We will concede that Charles was a good Protestant; but we say that his Protestantism does not make the slightest distinction between his case and that of James.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men, who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses. In every venerable precedent they pass by what is essential, and take only what is accidental: they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be any thing unsound, these flesh-flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous

delight. If some good end has been attained in spite of them, they feel, with their prototype, that

> "Their labour must be to pervert that end,
> And out of good still to find means of evil."

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights, liberty, security, toleration, all go for nothing with them. One sect there was, which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire there was so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom. These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate, the good which it has produced. Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America. They stand forth zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland. Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era. The very same persons who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel, than they begin to fill their bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory. They may truly boast that they look not at men, but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it; the arbitrary Charles, or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic, or Frederic the Protestant. On such occasions their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The [illegible]tions of these people have of late impressed a

large portion of the public with an opinion that James the Second was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant Revolution.

But this certainly was not the case; nor can any person who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's Abridgment believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning; and, if we may believe them, their hostility was primarily not to popery, but to tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic; but they excluded Catholics from the crown, because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this, "that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom." Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688 must hold that the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the sovereign justifies resistance. The question, then, is this; Had Charles the First broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative, unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the King himself. If there be any truth in any historian of any party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution, and condemn the Rebellion, mention one act of James the Second to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his

father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two Houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the legislature, raised taxes without the consent of parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate; the right of petition was grossly violated; arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments, were grievances of daily occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason; if they do, the Great Rebellion was laudable.

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the King had consented to so many reforms, and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The ship-money had been given up. The Star Chamber had been abolished. Provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He too had offered to call a free parliament and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we are in the habit of praising our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the King. He had no doubt passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them?

He had renounced oppressive prerogatives; but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honour had been a hundred times pawned, and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent; the subsidies are voted; but no sooner is the tyrant relieved, than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very Act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious king who had recognised them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another parliament: another chance was given to our fathers: were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut?* Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call

him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has laboured, with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

These arguments are so obvious, that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them. But those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood, will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the Scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers revelling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place;

Fifth-monarchy-men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag; all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath despotic sceptres. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the civil war. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a nation. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our civil war. The heads of the church and state reaped only that which they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion; it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion; and, after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, scepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice: they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendour and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them

happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day: he is unable to discriminate colours, or recognise faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blameable excesses of that time. The favourite topic of his enemies is the line of

conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the King. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the Regicides. We have, throughout, abstained from appealing to first principles. We will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the execution of the father and the deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there which applies to the former and not to the latter? The King can do no wrong. If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister only ought to be responsible for the acts of the Sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jefferies and retain James? The person of a King is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a King is known to be posted is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles, too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had been exasperated by the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow-citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace, and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents, and attainted his innocent heir, were his nephew and his two daughters. When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the fifth of November, thank God for won-

derfully conducting his servant William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our King and Governor, can, on the thirtieth of January, contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the King from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; not because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy;" but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage: his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father: they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But though we think the conduct of the Regicides blameable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred; and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion; but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling which would have restrained us from committing the act would have led us, after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and superstition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done, while the people disapproved of it. But, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If any thing more were

wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers, who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "Æneæ magni dextra," gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar from the political philosopher. Nor can it be doubted that a treatise which, bearing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject, on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell, his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it, till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions, were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself he demanded indeed the first place in the commonwealth; but with powers

scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder, or an American president. He gave the Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandising himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar. Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then, it must be acknowledged, he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble course which he had marked out for himself by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely better than the best despot. But we suspect, that at the time of which we speak, the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose well, no man can doubt who fairly compares the events of the protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it, the darkest and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system.

Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honour been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition which stopped short of open rebellion provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government, and the Humble Petition and Advice, were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But, had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second protector, unless he were also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. His death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy,

her degrading insults, and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots, and the jests of buffoons, regulated the policy of the state. The government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character of Milton, apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities which distinguished him from his contemporaries. And, for that purpose, it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided. We must premise, that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. In days of public commotion, every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of camp-followers, an useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert it in the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating, abounded with fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose, who kissed the hand of the King in 1640, and spat in his face in 1649, who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn, who dined on calves' heads, or stuck up oak-

branches, as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance. These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserve to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

> "Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
> Che mortali perigli in se contiene:
> Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
> Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest

army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they

despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot

on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity, that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horseboys, gamblers and bravoes, whom the hope of license and plunder

attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many

of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great task-master's eye.'

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest sceptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolised by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonise best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were mis-

led. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Syrens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the Penseroso, which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than any thing else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does nought in hate, but all in honour. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendour still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against Ship-money and the Star-chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects

which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the King and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

> "Oh, ye mistook! Ye should have snatched his wand
> And bound him fast. Without the rod reversed,
> And backward mutters of dissevering power,
> We cannot free the lady that sits here
> Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless."

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians; for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf. With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply-seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear, when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.

> "Nitor in adversum ; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
> Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the Paradise Lost has the great poet ever risen higher than in

those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyse the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the Areopagitica and the nervous rhetoric of the Iconoclast, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the Treatise of Reformation, and the Animadversions on the Remonstrant. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word, the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it, the earnestness with which we should endeavour to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues, the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer

to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolising either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

JOSEPH ADDISON.
After the painting by Godfrey Kneller.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ADDISON.
(JULY, 1843.)

The Life of Joseph Addison. By LUCY AIKIN. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

SOME reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigour of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate the courteous Knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.[1]

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing Memoirs of the Reign of James the First, have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject, or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail, shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to

[1] Orlando Furioso, xlv. 68.

inflict upon dunces and impostors, but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First, can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different direction. She is better acquainted with Shakespeare and Raleigh, than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's, than among the Steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea table at Hampton. She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age, because she had read much about it; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be revised, and that every date and fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have

often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly, in his favourite temple at Button's. But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts, free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who,

though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the Biographia Britannica. Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen's College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth, made some progress in learning, became, like most of his fellow students, a violent Royalist, lampooned the heads of the University, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the Restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains, by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahometans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the Polity and Religion of Barbary, and another on the Hebrew Customs and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the royal chaplains, a Doctor of Divinity, Archdeacon of Salisbury, and Dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighbourhood, and was then sent to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks do not harmonise very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring out, and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste and a stock of learning which would have done honour to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene College. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his Chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a Prince and in such a Minister, may justly excite amazement, and which had done more than even the prosecution of the Bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling; a Papist had been set over the

society by a royal mandate; the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, had refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected: the venerable House was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the princely colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no valid election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first, one of those scholars who are called Demies, but was subsequently elected a fellow. His college is still proud of his name: his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favourite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow students by the delicacy of his feelings, by the shyness of his manners, and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later, the ancient Doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly

possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention, during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry, and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the Notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the Metamorphoses. Yet those Notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if, in the whole compass of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the

third book of the Metamorphoses. Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His Travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced; but scarcely one of those quotations is in prose. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and which have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient versifier. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic narrative of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus. On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description, or of the stern conciseness of the Commentaries, or of those Letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages of Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the Treatise on Medals. In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is

quoted from any Greek writer. No person, who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior, to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his Essay on the Evidences of Christianity. The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that Essay. He is, therefore, left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns, as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-Lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's Vortigern, puts faith in the lie about the Thundering Legion, is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods, and pronounces the letter of Agbarus, King of Edessa, to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter, from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow labourers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has con-

founded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page.

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Every body who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success, and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer and the Bowling Green were applauded by hundreds, to whom the Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favourite piece is the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humour which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his Voyage to Lilliput from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

"The Emperor," says Gulliver, "is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders."

About thirty years before Gulliver's Travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:

"Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam."

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury-Lane theatre. In his twenty-second year, he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden, who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montague, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, Lines to King William, and other performances of equal value, that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days, the public was in the habit of receiving with applause pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favourite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle, or shoeing a

horse, and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his Pastorals appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second, Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham, would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses, and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunel's mill, in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand, with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the Æneid:

> "This child our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite
> Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
> She was last sister of that giant race
> That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of pace,
> And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
> And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
> On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
> Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
> In the report, as many tongues she wears."

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abun-

dance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest:

"O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
No greater wonders east or west can boast
Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
The current pass, and seek the further shore."

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rhymer who had any skill in it passed for a great poet, just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honoured with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the Georgics. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the Æneid, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth Georgic, by "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford." "After his bees," added Dryden, "my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving."

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Every thing seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honourable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montague interfered. Montague had first brought himself into notice by verses, well timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Rochester, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person, who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings, which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of the fate of Charles Montague, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but, as soon as he had descended from that ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who could easily have vanquished him as a competitor,

revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the Lord Chancellor Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event, the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a Government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montague and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that, in a neighbouring country, we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The Revolution of July 1830 established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the State. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition have been Professors, Historians, Journalists, Poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generation which followed the Revolution, was great, but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France had no Somersets and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was, what he continued to be through life, a firm though a moderate Whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers, and had dedicated to Montague a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhythm, on the Peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of three hundred pounds a year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Chancellor. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The State — such was the purport of Montague's letter — could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable. "I am called," he said, "an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

This interference was successful; and, in the summer of

1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montague, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit Cat Club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Lewis the Fourteenth was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montague. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Chancellor, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. "The only return I can make to your Lordship," said Addison, "will be to apply myself entirely to my business." With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois, a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an Abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused

much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the Abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow countrymen and fellow students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the Guardian, that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side glance, which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and, having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malbranche, the other with Boileau. Malbranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the Leviathan a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to Court or to the Academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Lewis the Fourteenth what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or

at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the Paradise Lost, and about Absalom and Achitophel; but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. "Nothing," says he, "is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation." Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which every thing else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Lewis the Fourteenth firmly, and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable, that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste

had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century, after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates, could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India, the last of Dr. Robertson's works, in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble alcaics of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says — "Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par-là blâmer les vers latins que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile." Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise any thing. He says, for example, of the Père Fraguier's epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins —

" Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
Musa, jubes ? "

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise, which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes* and the *Gerano-Pygmæomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favourite theme much and well, indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles: but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the great Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover, in the Spectator and the Guardian, traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the Dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements both with Great Britain and with the States General, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The House of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the per-

fidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," said Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December 1700[1] he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" which was long after published in the Spectator. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the

[1] It is strange that Addison should, in the first line of his Travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or by Hurd.

House of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked, by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him; and, in this position, he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he was drawn some miles out of the beaten road, by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singu-

lar community. But he observed, with the exultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry, while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary because the Holy Week was close at hand. He has given no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a Government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that Church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian Way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farmhouse stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What

was to be seen at Naples Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond trees of Capreæ. But neither the wonders of nature, nor those of art, could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip the Fifth, was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Aragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Aragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his Freeholder, the Tory foxhunter asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience. From Naples, Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favourite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that, when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the Providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favour of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rhætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Lewis. England had not yet actually declared war against France: but Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the Grand Alliance against the House of Bourbon were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis. It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napo-

leon. The winter, however, was mild; and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for him the Divine goodness had warmed the hoary Alpine hills.

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montague, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers, and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the Essay on Criticism. It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honour to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons, and, though his Peers had dismissed the impeachment, had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become Secretary of State. Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was pre-

paring to enter on his honourable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William the Third.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax were sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller, and appears to have rambled with his pupil over great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing Treatise on Medals. It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit Cat Club, a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the Whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress. The accession of Anne had been hailed by the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded

by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favour of the Sovereign as the Lord Treasurer Godolphin and the Captain General Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favoured at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters by the late King would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the Government would avoid close connections with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral closes, and in the manor-houses of foxhunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest, and for their own interest, to adopt a Whig policy, at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But, if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the Government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by further concessions; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning and

his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704 were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim on the 13th August, 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the Commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at Newmarket or at the card table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare, and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honour of the battle of Blenheim. One of those poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines.

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast;
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy: he was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honour to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; and the public money was squandered on the undeserving. "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject: but I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified, and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton. This high-born minister had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addi-

son readily undertook the proposed task, a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership worth about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favours.

The Campaign came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the Epistle to Halifax. Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the Campaign, we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson, the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labour rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armour, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he flung his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation, of men who sprang from the Gods, and communed with the Gods face to face, of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented

their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armour, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Lifeguardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Buonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, could be the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely any thing in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between generals of the first order: and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the longhaired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thylis, and Sapharus and Monæsus,

and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the Splendid Shilling, represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:

"Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
Precipitate he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Around his head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword?"

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraor-

dinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis,

"Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of the storm. The great tempest of November 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One Prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his Palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the Angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's Narrative of his Travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this Narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and, before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought

that it sold for five times the original price. It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humour in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, or Machiavelli. He coldly tells us, that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Sidonius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre Huntsman, and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris, he had eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, Vincenzio Filicaja. This is the more remarkable, because Filicaja was the favourite poet of the accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favourite models were Latin. His favourite critics

were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His Travels were followed by the lively Opera of Rosamond. This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, Rosamond was set to new music by Doctor Arne; and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects, and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705, the ministers were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons, in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendency. The elections were favourable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the order of the garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on this honourable mission by Addison, who had just been made Undersecretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place

to their opponents. At the close of 1707, the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favoured by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The Captain General was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country squires and rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and, before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Addison sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose, but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavourable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it would now be inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively Undersecretary of State, chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which Dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot,

Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honour to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the Censorship of the Press ceased, and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a fact or an argument, is to introduce that fact or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the Conduct of the Allies, or to the best numbers of the Freeholder, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the shorthand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments, and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was therefore a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was

necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could do only by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street few more assiduous scribblers of Thoughts, Letters, Answers, Remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of thirty thousand a year, edited the Craftsman. Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets, and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John was, certainly, in Anne's reign, the best Tory speaker, Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the state than any other Englishman has ever, by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding sleeves. As far as the homage of the great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense

of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favourite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montague said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk, which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said, that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined; that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were Addison's great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and

softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, "assented with civil leer," and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The Tatler's criticisms on Mr. Softly's sonnet, and the Spectator's dialogue with the politician who is so zealous for the honour of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the play ended, till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent Garden struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. "There is no such thing," he used to say, "as real conversation, but between two persons."

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes, and was so far from being a

mark of ill-breeding that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature, we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a King or rather as a God. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But, with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinctured with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart, as Addison's. But it must in candour be admitted that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell, a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honourable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But, when the master was

laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint, descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another, ruined his fortune by follies, attempted to repair it by crimes, and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison, and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favourite companions was Ambrose Phillipps, a good Whig and a middling poet, who had the honour of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called, after his name, Namby Pamby. But the most remarkable members of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honour; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so goodnatured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he diced himself into a spunging house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kind-

ness not unmingled with scorn, tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago, are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation, when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example, which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr. Harrison, in Fielding's Amelia, is represented as the most benevolent of human beings; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr. Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been informed that Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewellery, and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr. Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this: — A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder

of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars; to put off buying the new edition of Bayle's Dictionary; and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under Champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and graceful little poem in praise of the Opera of Rosamond. He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other, and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708 Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison Chief Secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quitting London for Dublin. Besides the chief secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a year, he obtained a patent appointing him keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private Secretary. Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but Whiggism. The Lord Lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguished from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the Secretary's gentleness and delicacy. Many parts of the Irish administration at this time appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all

the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, wholly escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English House; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton, for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his single speech, sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was Secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland, an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and which would, if he had produced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten, on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709 Steele formed a literary project, of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love casuistry had

been discussed. The literary merit of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed Gazetteer by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison, and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary newswriter. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him the scheme of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and, though his wit and humour were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavour, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Samuel Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Par-

tridge, the maker of almanacks. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name which this controversy had made popular; and, in April 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the Tatler.

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme, but as soon as he heard of it, he determined to give his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." "The paper," he says elsewhere, "was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it."

It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Channel his first contributions to the Tatler, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures, and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his Essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half Latin style of Dr.

Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner. As a moral satirist, he stands unrivalled. If ever the best Tatlers and Spectators were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the Lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the Spectators as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in Hudibras. The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his Essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet, a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find any thing more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humour, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm: we give ourselves up to it: but we strive in vain to analyse it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some

other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme.

Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inwardly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humour of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavour than the humour of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The Letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of

Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the World, in the Connoisseur, in the Mirror, in the Lounger, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his Tatlers and Spectators. Most of those papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterises the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see any thing but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison; a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The

highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement, in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his Essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the Tatler appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier had shamed the theatres into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connection between genius and profligacy, between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humour richer than the humour of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his

time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the Tatler his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first, his superiority to all his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later Tatlers are fully equal to any thing that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer. The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, the Thermometer of Zeal, the Story of the Frozen Words, the Memoirs of the Shilling, are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper of the same class. But though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have resided in London. The Tatler was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connection with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost every thing good in the Tatler was his. The truth is that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The Queen had always disliked the Whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title,

she could not venture directly to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament; and, engaged as she was in a war on the event of which her own Crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the causes which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the Low Church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than the outbreaks which we can ourselves remember in 1820, and in 1831. The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns, were all, for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the Tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid that they were no longer necessary. The Queen's throne was secure from all attack on the part of Lewis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles and Marli than that a Marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St. James's. The Queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The Tories exulted over his fall. The Whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her Majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the Secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But, early in August, Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff. Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the Whigs during another month; and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The Ministers were turned out. The Tories were called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favour of the High Church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible.

The power which the Tories had thus suddenly acquired, they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the whole pack set up for prey and for blood appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When, at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the House of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subject. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory. And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies, or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.

None of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his Secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his Fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady, and that, while his political friends were in power, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison the ingenious writer, and Mr. Addison the chief Secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities united,

however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded that, while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing Tory members on Whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift, who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the Whigs, wrote to Stella in these remarkable words: "The Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused."

The good will with which the Tories regarded Addison is the more honourable to him, because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political Journal, entitled the Whig Examiner. Of that Journal it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. "He might well rejoice," says Johnson, "at the death of that which he could not have killed." "On no occasion," he adds, "was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favour with which he was regarded by the Tories was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the Whig

party. He felt himself to be in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and of Ambrose Phillipps was different. For Phillipps, Addison even condescended to solicit, with what success we have not ascertained. Steele held two places. He was Gazetteer, and he was also a Commissioner of Stamps. The Gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the Stamp Office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of news, which had once formed about one third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The Tatler had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close, and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of Addison's genius. On the second of January 1711, appeared the last Tatler. At the beginning of March following, appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary Spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city, has daily listened to the

wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labour. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension

so far as to go to the theatre when the Distressed Mother is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an Eastern apologue, as richly coloured as the Tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character

described with the skill of La Bruyère; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies, on hoops, patches, or puppet shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture, however, to say, that any person who wishes to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers, the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger De Coverley.[1]

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the Spectator are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the Spectator were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded, and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the Æneid and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chace.

It is not strange that the success of the Spectator should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near

[1] Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, 517. These papers are all in the first seven volumes. The eighth must be considered as a separate work.

four thousand when the stamp tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of journals. The Spectator, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and, though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers, the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the Spectator served up every morning with the bohea and rolls, was a luxury for the few. The majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered, that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature, was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country seat did not contain ten books, receipt books and books on farriery included. In these circumstances, the sale of the Spectator must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712 the Spectator ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the shortfaced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In a few weeks the first number of the Guardian was published. But the Guardian was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. It began in dulness, and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing till sixty-six numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible to make the Guardian what the Spectator had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could

impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the Guardian, during the first two months of its existence, is a question which has puzzled the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his Cato on the stage.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric, and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the Tories, between Sempronius and the apostate Whigs, between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury Lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore, thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skilful eye of Mr. Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a Duchess on the birthday; and Cato wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the Peers in Opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the Inns of Court and the literary coffeehouses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Gov-

ernor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city, warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garroway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The Tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest, professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies, to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the members of the Kit Cat was echoed by the High Churchmen of the October; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the Guardian in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the Examiner, the organ of the Ministry, held similar language. The Tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play, and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favourite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous

Whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest Tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the Whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator. This was a pungent allusion to the attempt which Marlborough had made, not long before his fall, to obtain a patent creating him Captain General for life.

It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, Cato was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer, the Drury Lane company went down to the Act at Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation, and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with Athalie, or Saul; but, we think, not below Cinna, and certainly above any

other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that Cato did as much as the Tatlers, Spectators, and Freeholders united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party spirit It was by a zealous Whig that the fiercest attack on the Whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published Remarks on Cato, which were written with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defence; and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies: he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity on his assailant, whose temper, naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favour there was one distinguished by talents from the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the Rape of the Lock, had recently been published. Of his genius, Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had early discerned, what might indeed have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on society for the unkindness of nature. In the Spectator, the Essay

on Criticism had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added, that the writer of so excellent a poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces; and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the Remarks on Cato gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcome to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis. But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm: he could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antithesis: but of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis, such as that on Atticus, or that on Sporus, the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled — to borrow Horace's imagery and his own — a wolf, which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The Narrative is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced into a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama; and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. "There is," he cries, "no peripetia in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all." "Pray, good Sir, be not angry," says the old woman; "I'll fetch change." This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through this officious zeal, and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule, he had never, even in self-defence, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages from which he had himself constantly abstained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the Narrative, that he disapproved of it, and that, if he answered the remarks, he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September 1713 the Guardian ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place: he had been chosen member for Stockbridge; and he fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the Tatler and Spectator had turned his head. He had been the editor of both those papers, and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction, to such a pitch that he every day committed some offence against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. "I am in a thousand troubles," Addison wrote, "about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular will have no weight with him."

Steele set up a political paper called the Englishman,

which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he made the Tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The Whigs stood by him gallantly, but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the Spectator. In June 1714 the first number of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the Englishman and the eighth volume of the Spectator, between Steele without Addison and Addison without Steele. The Englishman is forgotten; the eighth volume of the Spectator contains, perhaps, the finest essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the Tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the Queen was on her deathbed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A Council, in which the leading Whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs

till the new King should arrive. The first act of the Lords Justices was to appoint Addison their secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the King, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the Lords Justices called in a clerk who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of these times was unequalled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence, and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Every body who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced must be convinced that, if well turned phrases had been wanted, he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks who remembered the times when William the Third was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the Council of Regency to the King ought to be drawn. We think it very likely that the ablest statesmen of our time, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, for example, would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention, and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by intuition. One paper must be signed by the chief of the department; another by his deputy; to a third the royal sign manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink and another in red ink. If the ablest Secretary for Ireland were moved to the India Board, if the ablest President of the India Board were

moved to the War Office, he would require instruction on points like these; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, Secretary to the Lords Justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new Parliament favourable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided; and there was much speculation about the way in which the Dean and the Secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favourable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift; and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the State they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the Church on the author of the Tale of a Tub, they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which pre-

vented Halifax and Somers from serving him, thought himself an ill used man, sacrificed honour and consistency to revenge, joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the Queen and the heads of the Church regarded him was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Iliad.

> "Εγχεα δ' αλλήλων αλεώμεθα και δι' ομίλου
> Πολλοι μεν γαρ εμοι Τρωες κλειτοι τ' επίκουροι:
> Κτείνειν, ον κε θεός γε πόρῃ και ποσσι κιχείω,
> Πολλοι δ' αυ σοι 'Αχαιοι, εναίρεμεν, ον κε δύνηαι."

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the House of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the Strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to

show the smallest civility to the Dean of St. Patrick's. He had answered, with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison whose political opinions agreed with his shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Phillipps was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness that he obtained but a very small part of what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted; he had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favour from the court. Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade. In the same year his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the rebellion was still raging in Scotland, Addison published the first number of a paper called the Freeholder. Among his political works the Freeholder is entitled to the first place. Even in the Spectator there are few serious papers nobler

than the character of his friend Lord Somers, and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory fox-hunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibits stronger marks of his genius than the Freeholder, so none does more honour to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candour and humanity of a political writer, whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it is well known, was then the stronghold of Toryism. The High Street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the Government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the University, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His foxhunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the King. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and, though he acknowledged that the Freeholder was excellently written, complained that the ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the trumpet. He accordingly determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion, and tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the Town Talk, which is now as utterly forgotten as his Englishman, as his Crisis, as his Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, as his Reader, in short, as every thing he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the Drummer was acted, and in which the first numbers of the Freeholder appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevo-

lent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the Rape of the Lock, in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel, and resolved to interweave the Rosicrucian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk his all in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counselled him ill; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of having been actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect, except the instance of the Rape of the Lock. Tasso recast his Jerusalem. Akenside recast his Pleasures of the Imagination, and his Epistle to Curio. Pope himself, emboldened no

doubt by the success with which he had expanded and remodelled the Rape of the Lock, made the same experiment on the Dunciad. All these attempts failed. Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else had ever done?

Addison's advice was good. But had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of Waverley. Herder adjured Goethe not to take so unpromising a subject as Faust. Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the History of Charles the Fifth. Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that Cato would never succeed on the stage, and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goethe, Robertson, Addison, had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the Iliad, he met Addison at a coffeehouse. Phillipps and Budgell were there; but their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he wished to explain. "Tickell," he said, "translated some time ago the first book of the Iliad. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot therefore ask to see yours; for that would be double dealing." Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface, all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the Iliad. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he

said, in publishing this specimen was to bespeak the favour of the public to a translation of the Odyssey, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the Iliad, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the Midsummer Night's Dream. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, "Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated." In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, "Bless thee! Homer; thou art translated indeed."

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope, and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had sprung up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed, that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription, on which rested his hopes of a competence, was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation: Tickell had consented to father it; and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely not. Tickell was a Fellow of a College at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the Iliad; and he was a better

versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there any thing in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently — nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in their utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honour and of social morality. Had he been indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked arts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove, that it was not the intercourse of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison:

"Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?

Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more."

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such as the Editor of the Satirist would hardly dare to propose to the Editor of the Age?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt that he believed it to be true; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montague; he was taxed with it; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after them. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem, a pleasure in outwitting all who came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke, Pope undoubtedly felt as much

love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that, from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time, cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections, which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflections of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick, a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feelings with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned this prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which every body knows by heart, or ought to know

by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of "damning with faint praise" appears from innumerable passages in his writings, and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends, as "so obliging that he ne'er obliged."

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly, we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached, is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe, acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind; spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle admired in Mr. Joseph Surface; a feeble sickly licentiousness; an odious love of filthy and noisome images; these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the Spectator could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the state. Pope was a Catholic; and, in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said that "through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort." "Consider," he exclaimed,

"the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages." It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the Freeholder a warm encomium on the translation of the Iliad, and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope, by Pope's own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of talebearer on this occasion, may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The Countess Dowager, a daughter of the old and honourable family of the Myddletons of Chirk, a family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, resided at Holland House. Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwynn. Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But, in the days of Anne and George the First, milkmaids and sportsmen wandered between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbours, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young Lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well-meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake; and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the Countess has been celebrated by

poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long. The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of his party. His attachment was at length matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas, a name of singularly evil omen for a swain just about to cross St. George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died Governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighbouring squires, the poetical foxhunter, William Somervile. In August 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works both in verse and prose, had espoused the Countess Dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House, a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait still hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but, in the expression, we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The Whig Government had, during some time, been torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the Cabinet, Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend

retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to reconstruct the Ministry; and Addison was appointed Secretary of State. It is certain that the Seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found; and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the Cabinet when his health began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and, in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs, a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy, whose graceful person and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume. The Ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by the biographers, and have not time to inquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seemed to have re-established his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works, a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a translation of the Psalms, a treatise on the Evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance, a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradually prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy to think that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that, till his health failed him, he was glad to escape from the Countess Dowager and her magnificent dining room, blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret, with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble, and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favours to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard, was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison Undersecretary of State; while the editor of the Tatler and Spectator, the author of the Crisis, the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover, was, at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury Lane theatre. Steele himself says in his celebrated Letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, "incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;"

and every thing seems to indicate that, of those resentful gentlemen, Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The Whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated Bill for limiting the number of Peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all the nobles whose religion permitted them to sit in Parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised, by the Prime Minister.

We are satisfied that the Bill was most pernicious, and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honourable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigour of life, been so grossly abused, that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the House of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The particular prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the Whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last ministry; and even the Tories admitted that her Majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was that three independent powers, the sovereign, the nobility, and the commons, ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two, was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not well be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute control of the Crown and the Commons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain.

Steele took part with the Opposition, Addison with the Ministers. Steele, in a paper called the Plebeian, vehemently attacked the Bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the Old Whig, he answered, and indeed refuted, Steele's arguments. It seems to us that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound, that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill, and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion, while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in politeness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the Old Whig is by no means one of his happiest performances. At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity, but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offence against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to expose. It is asserted in the Biographia Britannica, that Addison designated Steele as "little Dicky." This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the Old Whig, and was therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the Old Whig, and for whom therefore there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words "little Dicky" occur in the Old Whig, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words "little Isaac" occur in the Duenna, and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison's little Dicky had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan's little Isaac with Newton. If we apply the words "little Dicky" to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its

meaning. Little Dicky was the nickname of Henry Norris, an actor of remarkably small stature, but of great humour, who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's Spanish Friar.[1]

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared himself to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell, and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a Saturday's Spectator. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender, that it is difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedication was written, Addison sent to beg Gay, who was then living

[1] We will transcribe the whole paragraph. How it can ever have been misunderstood is unintelligible to us.

"But our author's chief concern is for the poor House of Commons, whom he represents as naked and defenceless, when the Crown, by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing when the Spanish Friar represents little Dicky, under the person of Gomez, insulting the Colonel that was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet on buffet, which the poor Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience: and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak as our author supposes."

by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at Court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the Queen's days he had been the eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many Tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing his whole life, and earnestly scrutinising all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part, in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his deathbed, called himself to a strict account, and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed, for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender conscience. Is it not then reasonable to infer that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to multiply arguments and evidence for the defence, when there is neither argument nor evidence for the accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His

interview with his step-son is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die." The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favourite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the seventeenth of June 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sung a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honoured the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torch-light, round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that Chapel, in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened;

and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison; but one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honour to the greatest name in our literature, and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published, in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the Continent, Spanish Grandees, Italian Prelates, Marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poets' Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in

his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

NOTES ON THE ESSAY ON MILTON

[The figures refer to lines as indicated in the margin of the text]

Charles R. Sumner was at this time chaplain, historiographer, and librarian to George IV.

6 **Secretary.** See biographical sketch of Milton in the Introduction, p. xxxi.

Popish trials, the trials of various Roman Catholics in 1678–1679 for conspiring to kill Charles II. and place his brother James upon the throne. The alleged conspiracy was a pure invention by the notorious Titus Oates, but about thirty-five people were executed for their supposed connection with it.

7 **the Rye-house Plot,** a plot by some of the more desperate of the Whigs in 1682–1683 to kill Charles II. and his brother, and to make the Duke of Monmouth king. It was betrayed, and several of the Whig leaders were executed for their real or supposed connection with it.

11 **Wood** and **Toland.** Anthony à Wood and John Toland were among the first biographers of Milton, drawing their information at first hand from his surviving friends and relatives.

the Restoration, of Charles II. to the English throne in 1660. The word is often used to designate the period of English history between the return of Charles II. and the Revolution of 1688.

12 **Cyriac Skinner,** grandson of the famous English judge, Sir Edward Coke, and an intimate friend of Milton, who addressed to him two sonnets (XXI. and XXII.).

17 **the Oxford Parliament,** summoned by Charles II. in 1681 to meet at Oxford in the hope that the loyalty of the University might overawe the Whigs. Their turbulence and disloyalty disgusted the country, and immediately after the dissolution of this Parliament a reaction began which en-

abled Charles to treat them with great severity. This is the "persecution" mentioned in the preceding line.

38 **our academical Pharisees.** Macaulay, though a fine classical scholar, was rather inclined to sneer at the favorite English practice of Greek and Latin composition in prose and verse in imitation of classical masterpieces. He points out in this passage that Milton's Latin style was for use rather than for show.

40 **Ciceronian.** Cicero's style was so excellent that his name has furnished an adjective for perfect Latin prose.

44 This line is quoted from Milton's eleventh sonnet. Quintilian was a fastidious Roman rhetorician.

49 **Denham,** Sir John Denham, an English poet of the seventeenth century, now little read.

Cowley, Abraham Cowley, an English poet contemporary with Denham. He was immensely admired in his day, and was considered the equal of the great authors of classical antiquity. Denham, in a poem on his death, says: —

> Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
> He did not steal, but emulate!
> And when he would like them appear,
> Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

Macaulay means by this that Milton's Latin style was like enough to that of the classics to pass muster as of their fashion, but not so carefully imitated from theirs as to seem an exact copy.

60 **Arianism.** Arius was a priest of the fourth century. He declared that Christ was not the equal of God the Father, but was begotten of, or created by, him before the creation of the world. Milton evidently shared this belief, as may be seen by reference to the fifth chapter of his *Treatise on Christian Doctrine.*

his theory on the subject of polygamy. Milton based his whole system of belief on texts drawn from the Bible. Since he found that many of the Old Testament saints were permitted, or even commanded, to take more than one wife, and since there was no express prohibition of this practice in the New Testament, he held that polygamy was perfectly lawful, and that those who forbade it as a crime

were restricting Christian liberty. According to his nephew's account, Milton at one time thought of marrying a Miss Davis, while his runaway wife was at her mother's house.

65 **the nature of the Deity.** Milton held that we can only conceive of God as he has revealed himself to us in the Bible, and, consequently, since he is there represented as grieving, repenting, fearing, etc., we must attribute to him these human feelings; and since in the Bible the members and form of man are habitually assigned to God, we ought thus to think of him, of course without any of the imperfections and weaknesses of men.

the eternity of matter. Milton did not believe that God created the world out of nothing. He thought that God created or formed all things out of an original matter, which itself proceeded from God. He held that no created thing could be finally annihilated.

the observation of the Sabbath. Milton held that the command to keep the Sabbath was given only to the Jews, that this command was not binding upon Christians, and that no one day is appointed for divine worship in preference to another.

74 **the Defensio Populi,** Milton's once famous, but now neglected defence of the English people for having beheaded their king. See the biographical sketch of Milton in the Introduction, p. xxxi.

84 **Capuchins,** a minor order of friars who get their name from the hood, or cowl (Italian *cappuccio*), which they wear.

97 **Martyr of English liberty.** It is not quite clear what Macaulay means by this. Milton suffered no punishment whatever for the part he took in the Civil War. The reference may be to the loss of his eyesight in his country's defence.

121 **Johnson,** Dr. Samuel Johnson in his *Lives of the Poets.*

154 **Mrs. Marcet,** a well-known writer of popular books on scientific subjects, very popular in Macaulay's day. Her best-known work is the *Conversations on Political Economy,* to which he here refers.

155 **Montagu,** Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, a leading statesman in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne. He

was particularly distinguished for his financial abilities. The establishment of the Bank of England was due to him.

Walpole, Sir Robert Walpole, the great Prime Minister of George I. and George II., "the first minister since the Restoration who made a special study of finance and commerce."

158 **Newton**, Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, the most distinguished mathematician of his day.

184 **Shaftesbury**, Antony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, a philosopher and moralist of the early eighteenth century. He held that men had a special faculty for distinguishing between right and wrong. This faculty he named the "moral sense."

185 **Helvetius**, a French philosopher of the middle of the eighteenth century. He held that there was no absolute difference between right and wrong, and that self-interest, founded on the love of pleasure and the fear of pain, was the only motive for human action.

190 **Niobe**, a queen in Greek mythology whose children were slain by Apollo and Diana. She mourned so much for them that she was changed into a rock from which a fountain gushed forth. Shakespeare has made the phrase "like Niobe, all tears" familiar to all.

Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, always represented as rosy and blushing.

Mandeville, Bernard de Mandeville, a Dutch physician who settled in London about the close of the seventeenth century. He is best known as the author of *The Fable of the Bees*, a half-humorous, half-philosophical collection, consisting of the doggerel poem, "The Grumbling Hive," "Remarks on the Poem," and an "Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue." He maintained the paradox that private vices, such as luxury, etc., were public benefits. The work was misunderstood as an attack on religion and morality, and was condemned to be burnt by the hangman.

196 **Iago**, a character in *Othello*, one of the most striking examples of Shakespeare's art in portraying human character.

209 **The greatest of poets**: Shakespeare. The quotation is from

the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Sc. 1. In the same speech occur the words "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," which Macaulay refers to in the following lines.

230 **sensibility.** This word has here its eighteenth century meaning of sensitiveness.

250 **Greek Rhapsodists,** professional reciters of poetry, especially of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

254 **Ancient bards of Wales and Germany.** In Scott's novel, the *Betrothed* (Chap. II.), there is a good example of the influence of a Welsh singer upon his hearers. A Roman ambassador to the court of Attila has left an account of how the Gothic minstrels at the banquet moved the young men to madness and the old men to tears by their songs of old wars and victories.

281 **We have seen in our own time,** etc. The reference is probably to Wordsworth, whose attempt to return to the original simplicity of poetry had not yet (in 1825) been well received by the public.

289 **Rabbinical literature,** the writings of the Rabbis, Jewish theologians.

294 **Petrarch,** Francesco Petrarca, a famous Italian poet of the fourteenth century, the author of a number of Latin poems which were immensely admired in their day.

300 **The authority of Johnson.** Dr. Johnson in his "Life of Cowley" (*Lives of the Poets*) says: "If the Latin performances of Cowley and Milton be compared, the advantage seems to lie on the side of Cowley. Milton is generally content to express the thoughts of the ancients in their language; Cowley, without much loss of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions." The fact that Cowley was a Cavalier, Milton a Puritan poet, no doubt had something to do with Dr. Johnson's preference.

302 **Augustan,** pertaining to the time of Augustus, the first Roman emperor, under whom Virgil, Horace, and Ovid flourished.

311 **The Epistle to Manso,** a Latin poem by Milton, addressed to Manso, Marquis of Villa, an Italian nobleman and patron of letters, who had shown Milton much kindness on his visit to Naples.

321 These lines are quoted from *Paradise Lost*, IV, ll. 551–554.

376 **Cassim.** The reference is, of course, to the story of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, which we may fairly suppose to be one of the things which every schoolboy knows.

379 **Dryden**, John Dryden, poet-laureate, 1670–1688. He was a great admirer of *Paradise Lost*, which he called "one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which either this age or nation hath produced." In order to recommend it to the indifferent public, he turned it, with Milton's consent, into a sort of opera, changing Milton's blank verse into the favorite rhymed couplets of the day. The effect is almost ludicrous.

424 **Mr. Newberry**, a bookseller and publisher contemporary with Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith. "He was the first to make the issue of books for children an important branch of the publishing business," and seems, from this reference of Macaulay's, to have been also the inventor of children's toys.

429 **Harold**, the hero of Byron's best-known poem, *Childe Harold*. He is supposed to represent Byron himself.

438 **the chorus.** One of the characteristics which distinguishes the ancient from the modern drama, is the presence of a chorus, such as we find to-day in opera only. During the absence of the actors from the stage, the chorus performed stately dances and chanted long odes.

442 **Æschylus**, the first, and, according to Macaulay, the greatest, of the three Attic tragedians.

447 **Herodotus**, the first of Greek historians. He wrote the account of the invasion of Greece by Xerxes.

452 **Pindar**, the greatest of Greek lyric poets, a contemporary of Æschylus.

458 **Clytæmnestra**, the wife of Agamemnon. The address referred to contains a long account of her grief and fears during her husband's absence at the siege of Troy.

459 **seven Argive Chiefs**, the seven Greek chiefs in Æschylus's play who had sworn to replace the exiled Polynices on the throne of Thebes. The description here referred to is a detailed account of their appearance and arms as they are about to attack the city.

463 **Sophocles**, the second, and perhaps the greatest, of the Attic tragedians.

468 **Euripides**, the third and last of the Attic tragedians.

476 "**sad Electra's poet**," Euripides. Electra, the daughter of Agamemnon, helped her brother, Orestes, to take vengeance on his father's murderers. Euripides wrote a drama which bears her name, and she appears again in his *Orestes*. The phrase is quoted from Milton's eighth sonnet.

477 **the Queen of Fairy-land**, Titania in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act. IV, Sc. 1).

498 **the Masque**, a dramatic entertainment, in which music, dancing, gorgeous costumes, and elaborate scenery played an even greater part than the acting. It originated in Italy and was very popular in England under James I. and Charles I. For a more detailed account see the Introduction to *Comus* in *The Minor Poems of Milton* in this series. Milton's *Comus* is founded, not so much on the Italian Masque, as Macaulay asserts, as on Ben Jonson's development of that form of the drama.

501 **the Faithful Shepherdess**, a lovely pastoral drama by John Fletcher, a younger contemporary of Shakespeare. It appeared about twenty-five years before Milton wrote *Comus*.

503 **Aminta**, a pastoral drama by Tasso, the famous Italian poet.
the Pastor Fido, a pastoral drama by Guarini, an Italian poet, the contemporary of Tasso, whose *Aminta* he imitated in this play. Both of them were imitated to a certain degree by Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdess*.

515 **May-day**. As late as the middle of this century the chimney-sweeps of London kept up the old festival of May-day, going about in little bands of two or three in fantastic dresses, headed by a Queen of the May attired in glittering spangles, and a Jack of the Green.

531 **Sir Henry Wotton**, a diplomatist and poet of the early seventeenth century. He ended his days as Provost of Eton. Milton visited him from Horton, and sent him a copy of *Comus*. In acknowledgment he wrote Milton a very complimentary letter, from which the quotation in the text is taken.

532 **the tragical part**, that is the dramatic dialogue of *Comus* as opposed to the songs.

533 **Dorique**, an old spelling for Doric, a Greek dialect in which the best of Greek pastoral poetry was written. Or the reference may be to the Doric, or Dorian, mode of music, a grave and simple style of composition.

541 **Thyrsis**, the assumed name of the Attendant Spirit in *Comus*.

543–548 The first two lines are quoted from the epilogue to *Comus;* the others are a paraphrase of the same passage. *Elysian*, an adjective from Elysium, the old Greek heaven; *Hesperides*, the daughters of Hesperus, and guardians of the magic tree in the Western island which bore the golden apples.

555 **Milton was mistaken**, etc. We do not know that Milton preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*. All his nephew tells us is that he could not bear to hear it mentioned as inferior.

566 **The Divine Comedy**, the great work of Dante, the first and noblest of Italian poets. It embraces the "Inferno," the "Purgatorio," and the "Paradiso," and recounts the poet's journey through the three abodes of departed spirits. It is called a comedy on account of its happy ending. Dante was a citizen of Florence, the chief town of the district of Tuscany, where the purest Italian is spoken. By "Tuscan literature" (l. 570) Macaulay means Italian literature in general.

573 **hieroglyphics ... picture-writing.** In the hieroglyphics a figure, or picture, might stand for a word, a syllable, or even a single letter. Unless one knew the language one could make nothing out of the inscription. In the picture-writing of the Aztecs, on the other hand, the figure was always a direct representation of the thing meant. Macaulay is again referring to the allusive character of Milton's poetry, which demands a certain knowledge on the reader's part, as compared with the simple directness of Dante.

591 **the sixth to the seventh circle.** According to Dante Hell was divided into nine circles, one below the other, each reserved for the punishment of a particular sin.

592 **the Adige**, a river running southward through the mountains

of the Tyrol into Italy. **Trent**, a city on the Adige, in the southern Tyrol.

593 **Phlegethon**, the river of fire falling from the seventh to the eighth circle of Hell. **Aqua Cheta**, a river of northern Italy, which falls in a torrent down a gorge in the Apennines near a Benedictine Abbey.

596 **Arles**, a city in southeastern France, famous among other things for its long rows of Roman tombs.

601

his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
* * * * * * * *
. . . . . or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream,
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay.

Paradise Lost I, l. 194, etc.

604

On the other side, Satan alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reached the sky.

Paradise Lost IV, l. 985, etc.

605 **Teneriffe**, the Peak of Teneriffe, a volcano on one of the Canary Islands, over twelve thousand feet high.

Atlas, according to old Greek mythology, a Titan, condemned by Jove to support the sky on his shoulders. A chain of mountains in northeast Africa takes its name from him.

608 **Nimrod**, mentioned in the Bible (Genesis x. 8–9) as a mighty hunter before the Lord. Dante represents him as a huge giant confined in the ninth circle of Hell.

609 **The ball of St. Peter's**; a mistranslation, for the "pine-cone," a famous cone of bronze once belonging to the mausoleum of Hadrian, then placed in the court of St. Peter's church

in Rome, and now in the Vatican. It is six and one-half feet high. This would make Nimrod, in Dante's conception, about fifty-four feet tall.

614 **Mr. Cary**, the author of the best known translation of Dante, published about thirteen years before Macaulay wrote this essay.

618 **Malebolge**, literally, the evil pits, a place in Hell, where flatterers, seducers, false prophets, and other deceivers were punished. It was divided into ten wards.

621

> Despair
> Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
> And over them, triumphant Death his dart
> Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
> With vows as their chief good and final hope.
> *Paradise Lost*, XI, l. 489, etc.

If the reader will turn to this passage and note the catalogue of diseases which immediately precedes the lines quoted, he will see how much truth there is in Macaulay's assertion that Milton avoids the loathsome details.

625 **Valdichiana**, a marshy and malarious district in Italy.

637 **the second death**; sometimes thought of as the annihilation for which the damned cry in vain; and this is the sense in which Macaulay understands the phrase.

638 **the portal**, the gate of Hell over which was written: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

639 **The Gorgon**, a monster of classical mythology whose gaze turned men that met it into stone. Dante was threatened with this fate by the Furies in Hell, but turned away his eyes from seeing the Gorgon.

640 **Barbariccia** and **Draghignazzo**, Ugly-beard and Dragon-face, two of the devils that guard the lake of boiling pitch in Hell, and tear with their hooks the sinners that show themselves above it. They threatened to attack Dante, who fled from them to the protection of his guide through Hell.

642 **Lucifer**, another name for Satan, represented by Dante as an enormous giant, plunged to the waist in the lowest pit of Hell. Dante emerged on the other side of Hell by climbing along the shaggy sides and legs of Lucifer.

the mountain of Expiation, Purgatory, which Dante thought

of as a mountain, on the other side of Hell, and reaching up to Heaven.

643 **the purifying angel**, the warden of the gate of Purgatory marked with his sword upon the brow of Dante seven P's, for the seven deadly sins (*peccata*) which he was to expiate in that region.

649 **Amadis**, the hero of a romance of chivalry.

Gulliver, the hero of Dean Swift's famous book, *Gulliver's Travels.*

660 **Rotherhithe**, a suburb of London.

pygmies and giants, flying islands, and philosophising horses. In these words Macaulay alludes to the four journeys of Gulliver: first to Lilliput, the island of the dwarfs; then to Brobdingnag, the land of the giants; next to the flying island of Laputa; and last to the country of the Houyhnhnms, the wise and virtuous horses.

672 **functions**, such as eating, drinking, suffering, bleeding, etc. But Milton thought of his angels and demons, not as disembodied spirits, but as material beings, only of a finer substance than ours.

674 **eminent names.** In particular that of Dr. Johnson.

694 **The first inhabitants of Greece**, etc. There is good reason to believe the exact contrary; namely, that the first inhabitants worshipped an almost indefinite number of gods.

706 **Gibbon**, the famous English historian, assigned as secondary causes for the rapid spread of Christianity: (1) the zeal of the Christians; (2) the doctrine of a future life; (3) the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church; (4) the pure morals of the Christians; and (5) the union and discipline of the church.

717 **The Synagogue**, here used for the Jewish Church as a whole.

718 **The Academy**, a sceptical school of Greek and Roman philosophy, taking its name from the grove of Academus near Athens, in which the early philosophers taught.

The Portico, used here for the Stoic school of philosophers, who took their name from the Stoa, or Portico, in Athens, where their founder used to teach.

719 **the fasces of the Lictor**, standing here for the civil, as the

"swords of thirty legions," for the military power of the Roman Empire.

723 **St. George**, the dragon slayer and patron saint of English soldiers.

724 **St. Elmo**, the patron saint of Italian sailors. The electric flames sometimes seen in dark stormy nights on the yards and mastheads of ships are called St. Elmo's fire. In ancient times they were attributed to the presence of the "Great Twin Brethren," Castor and Pollux, who watched over the sailors.

726 **St. Cecilia**, the patron saint of music, especially of church music.

790 **Don Juan**, the wicked hero of a Spanish legend. He invited the statue of a soldier, whom he had killed, to supper with him, and at the close of the feast was carried off by the devil.

795 **Farinata**, a famous Florentine soldier who died just before Dante was born. The poet found him plunged to his waist in one of the fiery tombs of Hell. The interview between them in the tenth canto of the *Inferno* is one of the most celebrated passages in Dante.

797 **auto da fe**, a Portuguese phrase meaning literally "act, or judgment, of faith." It was applied first to the public judgment pronounced on heretics, then to the execution of that judgment, death by fire. This is its meaning here.

798 **Beatrice**, the lady whom Dante had loved on earth. She died ten years before the *Divine Comedy* was written. In the poem she meets Dante at the summit of the Mount of Purgatory, and by her reproaches leads him to the confession and repentance which was necessary before he could enter Heaven.

808 In Tasso's poem, *Jerusalem Delivered*, the devils try to prevent the victory of the Crusaders. They are represented, like the devils of mediæval painting, as hideous monsters with horns and tails.

Klopstock, a German poet of the eighteenth century. In his *Messiah* he describes the devils in a rather pompous and inflated style.

825 **Osiris**, the Egyptian god of the dead.

829 **The Titans**, in Greek mythology an older race of gods who ruled the world before the birth of Jupiter.

830 **the Furies,** avenging deities of Greek mythology.

831 **Prometheus,** one of the Titans. He helped Jupiter to dethrone the older race of gods, but afterward for intervening between mankind and Jupiter, was chained down on Mount Caucasus, where a vulture daily came to tear his vitals.

841 **The knowledge which he possesses,** etc. Prometheus knew that Jupiter would have a child who would drive him from the throne of the gods, as he had driven his father, Saturn. Prometheus alone was able to avert this fate. In the play of Æschylus a messenger comes from Jupiter to demand the secret, but Prometheus, who hopes to see his sufferings avenged, refuses to reveal it.

848 **Michael,** the archangel, leader of the hosts of Heaven in their war against Satan, on whom he inflicts a terrible wound with his sword. (*Paradise Lost,* VI, ll. 296–343.)

The thunder of Jehovah. At the end of the three days' fight in Heaven, Satan and his angels are driven out by the Messiah, armed with the thunder of God. (*Paradise Lost,* VI, ll. 824–866.)

875 **Sardinian soil.** Sardinian honey is mentioned by the Latin poets as having a very bitter flavor. This was supposed to be due to a certain plant growing in that island. There is no reference known to the Sardinian soil as being noxious; on the contrary, that island was one of the granaries of the Roman Empire. But the honey of Corsica was as bad as that of Sardinia, and the barrenness of Corsica is referred to by a Latin author. Possibly Macaulay confused the two islands.

880 **Hebrew poet.** The quotation is from Job x. 22.

890 **Milton . . . a lover.** For the story of Milton's marriage see *The Life of Milton* in the introduction. Dante's love for Beatrice is one of the famous passions of literature. One cannot say so much of Milton's attachment to Mary Powell.

895 **some had been taken away,** etc. Oliver Cromwell was dead; Goffe was hiding in New England (see Hawthorne's story of the "Gray Champion" in *Twice Told Tales*); Lambert, one of the great Roundhead generals, was in prison; Sir Harry Vane had been beheaded shortly after the return of Charles II.

899 **venal scribblers.** A number of writers who had praised Cromwell turned their coats at the restoration and sang the praises of Charles.

900 **the style of a bellman,** that is, in a rude doggerel, like that in which the bellman cries the hours or makes public announcements.

909 **Satyrs,** monsters of Greek mythology, having the head and body of a man, and the legs of a goat.

923 **every calamity,** etc. This sentence is one of Macaulay's rhetorical exaggerations. There are many calamities incident to our nature which Milton never experienced; he was not poor, having an income equivalent to $3500 to-day; he was not disgraced; and his decent house is not to be called a hovel.

930 **Theocritus,** the first of Greek pastoral poets. There is a beautiful translation of his poems by Andrew Lang in the Golden Treasury Series.

931 **Ariosto,** a famous Italian poet of the sixteenth century. His poem, *Orlando Furioso,* is noted for its beauty and gayety.

946 **critics.** The reference is again to Dr. Johnson, who spoke very slightingly of Milton's sonnets.

948 **Filicaja,** an Italian poet of the close of the seventeenth century.

954 **a dream.** The twenty-third sonnet commemorates Milton's dream of his dead wife, Katherine Woodstock. It is perhaps worth noting, that the dream did not *restore* him that beautiful face since he was blind when he married her, and in the dream she appeared veiled.

958 **Greek anthology,** an old collection of Greek lyric poems, famous for their simple beauty.

960 **Massacres of Piedmont.** While Milton was Latin Secretary, the Waldenses, a simple Protestant people living in the mountains of Savoy, were brutally attacked and many of them massacred by their Roman Catholic ruler. Cromwell threatened to declare war on him on this account, and Milton wrote in this connection the most famous of his sonnets, beginning, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints."

978 **Oromasdes and Arimanes.** The old Persians believed that the

universe was divided between two eternally warring spirits, Oromasdes, the Lord of Light and Life, and Arimanes, the Lord of Darkness and Death.

984 **American forests.** Macaulay was thinking not only of the American Revolution, but of the struggle of the Spanish colonies in South America for liberty, which was going on in his day.

Greece. The Romans conquered Greece about one hundred and fifty years before Christ, and she was held in slavery by one master or another till 1829. The war of Greek Independence was going on when Macaulay wrote this essay.

996 **the lion in the fable.** In one of Æsop's fables a man points out to a lion the statue of a lion being strangled by a man. "That is because a man was the sculptor," said the lion.

1003 **Mrs. Hutchinson**, the widow of a Roundhead colonel, wrote a memoir of her husband which is of great interest and value as a contemporary record of those times.

May, Thomas May, an English poet and playwright, took the side of the Parliament in the Civil War, and published in 1647 *The History of the Parliament*, a semi-official defence of the Parliament's actions. It breaks off before the execution of the king.

1005 **Ludlow**, Edmund Ludlow, one of the regicide judges, wrote a memoir of his life and times, which is marked by great prejudice.

1007 **Oldmixon**, an English historian of the eighteenth century. His *Critical History of England* (1726) takes the Parliament's side.

Catherine Macaulay, a well-known woman of letters in the eighteenth century, who wrote *A History of England from the Accession of James I.* Like the preceding writers, she takes the Parliamentary side.

1011 **Clarendon**, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, one of the leading Royalists in the Civil War, and Prime Minister of Charles II. after the Restoration, wrote a *History of the Rebellion*, which was for a long time regarded as the best account of that period. Its tone, of course, is strongly Royalist.

Hume, David Hume, the Scotch philosopher and historian, wrote about the middle of the last century, a *History of England*, which remained for many years the standard. He was very strongly prejudiced against the Puritans.

1038 **Revolution of 1688**, which drove James II. from the throne, and established constitutional monarchy in England.

great Rebellion, otherwise the Civil War between King and Parliament, 1642–1649.

1042 **his son**, James II.

1044 **Laud**, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury under Charles I. He was the leader of the High Church party of that day.

1055 **a certain class.** Macaulay is referring to the Tories of his day, who opposed Catholic emancipation and cited the example of the great Whig hero, William of Orange, to support their views.

1066 **their prototype**, Satan. The quotation is from a speech of Satan's in *Paradise Lost*, I, ll. 164–165.

1073 **one sect**, the Roman Catholics.

1075 **one part of the empire**, Ireland, which was treated by William III. as a conquered country and placed under very harsh laws.

1083 **doctrine of Divine Right**, the doctrine that the right of kings to rule is derived from God, and that they are responsible for their actions to God alone.

1085 **Legitimacy**, the watch-word of the Royalist party on the continent in Macaulay's day.

1086 **Somers**, one of the Whig leaders in the Revolution of 1688, "equally eminent as a jurist and as a politician, as an orator and as a writer."

Shrewsbury, Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the seven English noblemen who invited William of Orange to invade England.

1089 **Jacobite.** Jacobus is the Latin form for James. Hence the Jacobites were those who maintained that the exiled James II. and his descendants were the true kings of England.

1091 **St. George's Channel** divides England from Ireland.

1092 **the glorious and immortal memory** of William III. was a stock toast of the Whigs.

1095 **Ferdinand the Catholic.** This is the historic title of Ferdinand of Aragon, the husband of Isabella of Castile; but Macaulay is probably alluding to the contemporary king of Spain, Ferdinand the Seventh, a bigoted and arbitrary ruler.

Frederic the Protestant. Frederick the Great was known in England in his day as the "Protestant hero"; but Macaulay is probably thinking of Frederick William III., the contemporary king of Prussia, one of the leaders of the Holy Alliance.

1104 **Goldsmith.** Oliver Goldsmith, the famous English poet, wrote a *History of England*, chiefly derived from Hume, in 1771, and afterward published an abridgment of his own work.

1115 **famous resolution,** by which Parliament in the beginning of 1689 declared the English throne vacant.

1135 **Declaration of Right,** the formal invitation of the Parliament to William and Mary to assume the vacant monarchy. It set forth the ancient rights and liberties of England which had been violated by James II.

the two Houses, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, which make up Parliament.

1152 **Ship-money,** a tax laid by Charles I. upon the people without the consent of Parliament, nominally to raise money for the navy.

1153 **the Star-chamber,** a court of civil and criminal jurisdiction which took its name from the decorations of the room in Westminster where it met. It was composed of certain members of the Royal Council and some bishops, and was infamous as an instrument of tyranny.

1162 **a disputed succession,** etc. Until the middle of the last century the exiled Stuarts disputed the right to the crown with the Hanoverians, the "dynasty of strangers." From 1688 to 1710 William and his successor were engaged in almost constant war, first in the conquest of Scotland and Ireland, then in war with France, which supported the Stuarts. The English standing army and national debt both had their origin in this period.

1165 **The Long Parliament**, the famous Parliament of the Civil Wars, which sat from 1640 to 1653, when it was driven out by Cromwell.

1178 **The Petition of Right**, a paper presented to Charles I. by the Parliament in 1628, stating the rights of Englishmen, and petitioning that he would agree to observe them. He did so in return for a certain grant of money, the "five subsidies" mentioned in line 1181.

1191 **circumstances**, etc. The complete collapse of Charles's attempt to force the English church on Scotland, and the invasion of England by the Scots.

1194 **le Roi le veut**, "the king wills it," the old Norman formula by which royal assent is given to an Act of Parliament.

1228 **Vandyke dress.** Antony Vandyke, or Van Dyck, the great portrait painter of the seventeenth century, painted many pictures of Charles I. He is uniformly represented in a handsome dress, with long lace collar and cuffs. See the illustration in this book facing p. xxx.

1248 **the Tudors**, the English dynasty which preceded the Stuarts; viz. Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The name comes from their Welsh ancestor, Owen Tudor.

1264 **Strafford**, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, the great minister of Charles I. He was impeached of treason and beheaded by the Long Parliament.

1268 **Major-generals.** Under Cromwell's rule England was divided into military districts over each of which a Major-general was placed, to whom the security of the district was entrusted. Some of them, no doubt, were false to their charge and thought more of filling their pockets than of anything else.

1272 The stained glass windows with figures of the Madonna and saints were particularly hated by the Puritans as relics of idolatry.

1273 **Quakers.** The Society of Friends, better known by this nickname, came into existence during the Commonwealth. Many of the early Quakers were half insane and committed wild excesses.

1274 **Fifth Monarchy men**, a sect which sprang up under the

Commonwealth. Its members looked for the immediate establishment of the earthly kingdom of Christ, which they called the Fifth Monarchy, the first four being those of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. Just after the Restoration a body of them broke out in rebellion and tried to seize London in the name of "King Jesus."

1275 **Agag**, the king of the Amalekites, hewn in pieces by the prophet Samuel (1 Sam. xv. 33). The Puritans used to refer to his fate as a warning to tyrants.

1315 **Xeres**, or Jerez de la Frontera, is not a river, as one would imagine from the context, but a town in Spain, famous for the wine called "sherry," which gets its name from the town.

1334 **Ariosto.** The story occurs in the *Orlando Furioso.*

1386 **The Regicides**, the name applied particularly to the members of the court that condemned Charles I. to death.

1395 **Jefferies**, or Jeffreys, the wicked Chief-Justice of James II., especially infamous for the brutality with which he punished those who took part in Monmouth's rebellion.

1397 **The Boyne**, a river in northern Ireland, where William III. won a decisive victory over James II. in 1690. Both kings were present at the fight.

1410 **his innocent heir.** The son of James II. by his second wife, Mary of Modena, was born only a few months before James was driven from England. He was "attainted" when, in consequence of his father's misdeeds, his right to the throne was taken from him.

1411 **his nephew and his two daughters.** William of Orange was the son of James's sister, Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I. William's wife, Mary, and his successor, Queen Anne, were daughters of James II. by his first wife, Anne Hyde. Both these princesses took part against their father in the Revolution.

1413 **the fifth of November**, the anniversary of William's landing in England, formerly commemorated by a special form of prayer in the English prayer-book.

1416 **the thirtieth of January**, the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., formerly observed as a day of prayer and fasting by the English church. This service, with its special form

of prayer, as well as that mentioned in the preceding note, was struck out of the Prayer-book during the reign of Queen Victoria. In the passage in the text Macaulay quotes from both these forms.

1428 **his heir**, Charles II., at that time a refugee in Holland.

1429 **the Presbyterians.** A strong section of the Puritans wished to see the Presbyterian form of church government established in England. This party was in close alliance with the Scots, and both feared and hated the advanced body of the Puritans represented by Cromwell and the army. Charles II. was proclaimed king at Edinburgh within a week after his father's death, and Cromwell was forced to undertake the conquest of Scotland.

1449 **Salmasius**, Claude de Saumaise, better known by his Latin name, Salmasius, at that time a professor in Holland. He was induced by Charles II. to plead the cause of the Stuarts, and did so in a Latin work entitled *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.*

1453 **Æneæ magni dextra**, "the right hand of great Æneas," words quoted from a speech addressed by Æneas to his unequal opponent, young Lausus. The phrase is used here to indicate that Milton was as much superior to Salmasius as Æneas was to his opponent.

1464 **the Protector.** Cromwell ruled England as Protector from 1653 till his death in 1658. He first accepted this office at the desire of the army.

1476 **a Venetian oligarchy.** Venice, ostensibly a republic, was in reality ruled by a limited number of noble families. No outsider could be admitted to the Great Council. The wish of the members of the Long Parliament to perpetuate their power almost justifies Macaulay's remarks.

1479 **a constitution**, the *Instrument of Government*, drawn up by the council of officers in 1653.

1481 **the representative system**, etc. The old representative system of England was marked by startling inequalities, some single counties sending more members to Parliament than six other counties did. Cromwell attempted to equalize things, and Clarendon, bigoted Royalist as he is, pronounces his scheme "an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time."

1484 **stadtholder**, the title of the chief magistrate of the Dutch Republic.

1493 **Bolivar**, Simon Bolivar, "the Liberator," the great hero of the revolt of the Spanish colonies of South America, famous like Washington for his freedom from personal ambition.

1515 **the thirty years**, etc., a round number covering the reigns of Charles II. and James II., from 1660 to 1688.

1526 **the Humble Petition and Advice**, a proposal by Parliament in 1657 for the revision of the constitution and the bestowal of the crown upon Cromwell. He declined to take the title of king, dreading the opposition of the army, but accepted that of Lord Protector, and ruled under the new constitution till his death.

1542 **the Independents**, Cromwell's supporters, so called from their theory of church government, in which every congregation was an independent body.

1546 **the most frivolous**, etc., Charles II.

1552 **his rival**, Louis XIV. of France.

1559 **Anathema Maranatha.** Anathema is a Greek word meaning first something consecrated to a god, then something accursed. Maranatha is really two Hebrew words meaning "our Lord is come." It simply adds force to the foregoing "anathema." The phrase is used by St. Paul as a curse against unbelievers. (1 Corinthians xvi. 22.)

1561 **Belial and Moloch**, two fiends who take part in the council in Pandemonium described in the second book of *Paradise Lost*. Belial, "graceful and humane," "to vice industrious, but to nobler deeds timorous and slothful," stands here for Charles II., the careless, smooth-spoken, licentious king; Moloch, "the fiercest spirit that fought in Heaven," stands for the harsh and cruel James II.

1562 **the blood of her best**, etc. Macaulay has been charged with gross exaggeration in this sentence; yet it is certainly true that some of the noblest of living Englishmen, Sir Henry Vane, Algernon Sidney, and Lord Russell, were put to death in this reign for little or no cause.

1564 **the race**, the Stuart dynasty.

1584 **kissed the hand**, etc. In England when a minister accepts

office he kisses the sovereign's hand as a sign of his loyalty. 1640 is the date of the assembling of the Long Parliament.

1585 **spat in his face.** Clarendon records the "barbarous and brutal behaviour" of certain persons toward Charles during his trial: "they called him tyrant and murderer, and one spit in his face." 1649 is the date of the trial and execution of Charles.

1587 **Westminster Hall,** built by William Rufus in 1097, was long used for the meetings of Parliament. Cromwell was inaugurated here as Lord Protector, with great solemnity and magnificence.

1588 **Tyburn,** the place of public execution in London down to the close of the last century. On the twelfth anniversary of the king's execution, Cromwell's bones, which had been dug up from Westminster Abbey, were hung on the gallows at Tyburn.

calves' heads. Some of the fiercer republicans were said to have formed a Calves' Head Club which had an annual dinner on the anniversary of the king's execution, at which calves' heads were served up in mockery of Charles's fate.

oak-branches. During the flight after the battle of Worcester, Charles II. was for some time concealed in an oak from his pursuers; a spray of oak in the hat, or a branch over the door, was the badge of a Royalist on the anniversary of the Restoration, the 29th of May.

1606 **satirists and dramatists.** Butler among the satirists, Wycherly among the dramatists, distinguished themselves by the ridicule they heaped upon the Puritans.

1616 **excellent writers.** Macaulay is probably thinking of Walter Scott, several of whose novels, *Woodstock* in particular, contain pictures of Puritans distorted by the writer's Tory prejudice.

1617 "See here the stream of laughter, see the spring,
(Quoth they) of danger and of deadly pain!
Here fond desire must by fair governing
Be ruled, our lust bridled with Wisdom's rein."

The quotation is from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (Canto XV, stanza 57). The fount of laughter was one of the charms of the witch, Armida, to entice heroes from the true way.

1698 **the Beatific Vision**, the direct vision of God, granted to the blessed dead.

1699 **Vane**, Sir Henry Vane the younger, a leading member of the Puritan party. His religious views seemed even to his contemporaries wild and mystical. Clarendon says he once believed that he was deputed to reign over the saints on earth for a thousand years.

1701 **Fleetwood**, a famous Puritan general, son-in-law of Cromwell. In the period of anarchy that followed Cromwell's death, he declared that God had spit in his face and would not hear him.

1724 **Sir Artegal**, the Knight of Justice, one of the heroes of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*.

Talus, in Greek mythology, a man of brass, built by Vulcan to guard the island of Crete. Spenser makes him the servant of Sir Artegal.

1737 **Dunstan**, an English bishop and statesman of the tenth century. He tried to make the church superior to the state.

De Montfort. Simon de Montfort, father of the famous English statesman, was noted for the strictness of his orthodoxy and for the ruthlessness with which he crushed the heretics of southern France.

1738 **Dominic**, St. Dominic, the champion of orthodoxy and supposed founder of the Inquisition.

Escobar, a Spanish Jesuit, best known as the propounder of the Jesuit doctrine that the end justifies the means.

1748 **Gallio**, the Roman ruler who took no interest in the disputes of Jews and Christians (Acts xviii. 12–17).

1752 **Plutarch**, the famous classical biographer of Greek and Roman heroes.

1753 **the Brissotines**, better known as the Girondists, the moderate republicans of the French Revolution. Brissot was one of their leaders. Like the theoretical republicans of whom Macaulay is here speaking, they were high-minded but unpractical.

1764 **Whitefriars**, a district in London, taking its name from a monastery established there. It was a sanctuary for debtors and rascals of every sort. Scott gives a very good

picture of it in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. His Roger Wildrake in *Woodstock* is a good example of the wilder type of cavalier.

1774 **the Janissaries**, the famous body-guard of the Turkish Sultans, massacred the year after Macaulay wrote this essay.

1786 **Duessa**, the false witch of the *Faerie Queen*. She wins over with a lying tale, the Red-Cross Knight, one of the heroes of that poem, and he becomes for a time her champion.

1798 **the Round Table**, the famous table of King Arthur at which his knights assembled.

1809 **conventicle**, a secret gathering for the purpose of worship, especially applied to the secret meetings of the persecuted Puritans under the Stuarts.

Gothic cloister. Gothic is the term commonly applied to the architecture of the late middle ages. The colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and most of the English cathedrals are beautiful examples of this style. Macaulay here contrasts the splendid buildings of the English church with the secret meeting places of the Puritans.

1811 **Christmas revel.** To keep Christmas was in those days the sign of the Cavaliers. The Puritans denounced this festival as a relic of superstition.

1816 The quotation is from the second sonnet of Milton.

1823 **ludicrous jargon.** The reference is to the Puritan custom of interlarding all conversation with phrases from the Bible, well or ill applied.

1835 **the hero of Homer**, Ulysses, who bound himself to the mast of his ship, having first stopped the ears of his crew with wax, that he might hear unharmed the song of the Sirens. These were sea-nymphs whose sweet singing drew mariners to death on the rocks. Ulysses also drank unharmed of the cup of Circe, the famous enchantress, a draught of which used to turn men into beasts. When he did so he had upon him a charmed herb, given him by a friendly god, which counteracted the spell.

1844 **sentiments of his treatises.** Milton wrote a number of pamphlets attacking Prelacy, that is the government of the church by bishops.

1845 **the exquisite lines**, etc. See *Il Penseroso*, ll. 155–166.

1857 **a forsworn king**, etc. Charles I. and the Church of England as it existed under Laud.

1876 **malignants**, the Puritan term of reproach for the extreme Cavaliers.

his own poem, Comus. The following quotation is from *Comus*, ll. 814–819.

1895 **the secular chain**, the control of the church by the state. The phrase is from Milton's sixteenth sonnet, as is the reference to the Presbyterian wolf in the next line. Milton speaks of the state-paid clergy whom the Presbyterians were trying to force upon the nation as "hireling wolves."

the licensing system, the censorship of the press. This favorite weapon of tyranny had been taken up by Parliament during the civil wars for use against their opponents, the Independents. Milton wrote his *Areopagitica*, a pamphlet in the form of an address to the Parliament, to persuade them to grant the liberty of the press.

1899 **as a sign upon his hand**, etc. Moses commanded the Jews to wear the commandments of the Lord.

1926 **the god of light**, Apollo, the Sun-god. The following quotation is from *Ovid's Metamorphoses* (Book II, ll. 72–73). Apollo says to his son, Phaeton, describing his daily journey through the sky: "I struggle against opposition; nor does the force which conquers other things, conquer me, but I am borne against the swift moving world."

1941 **a seven-fold chorus**, etc. The quotation is from Milton's pamphlet, *The Reason for Church Government.*

1945 **the Iconoclast.** Ten days after the execution of Charles I. a book, called *Eikon Basilikē*, the Royal Image, appeared, purporting to be written by the king and giving an account of his pious meditations during the last years of his life. It had an immense sale, and it may be said to have started the cult of Charles as the Royal Martyr. The government asked Milton to answer it, and in October of the same year he published a pamphlet called *Eikonoclastes*, the Image-breaker. He thought, to use his own words, that Queen Truth was to be preferred to King Charles.

The Treatise of Reformation and the **Animadversions**, etc. Two pamphlets by Milton, written in the year 1641, on the question of church reform.

1972 **Elwood.** See the biographical sketch of Milton in the Introduction, p. xxxv.

1982 **Boswellism.** James Boswell, the famous biographer of Dr. Johnson, was thought by Macaulay to be an unreasoning admirer of his hero.

1993 **Massinger,** an English dramatist, a younger contemporary of Shakespeare. The *Virgin Martyr* is a play assigned to him on the story of St. Dorothea. Her persecutor in mockery asked her to send him some fruit from the heavenly region where she said she was going. After her death an angel brought him a basket of celestial fruits and flowers, and this miracle converted him to Christianity.

NOTES ON THE ESSAY ON ADDISON

[The figures refer to lines as indicated in the margin of the text]

12 **the courteous Knight**, Ruggiero, or Rogero, the hero of Ariosto's poem *Orlando Furioso*. He was compelled by the claims of gratitude to fight in the lists against Bradamante, a virgin knight and his lady-love. Before doing so he laid aside his magic sword, Balisarda, which could cut through every defence, and blunted the point and edge of the inferior weapon that he took in its place. His magic armor enabled him to sustain her attack, and though he inflicted no wound on her, he was, by the terms of the combat, declared victor at the end of the day.

28 **Laputan flapper**. Laputa was a flying island visited by Gulliver. Its inhabitants were so engrossed in study and meditation that they could neither speak nor hear without being roused by the "flapper." This was a servant who carried a bladder full of peas or pebbles on the end of a stick, with which he flapped the mouth or ears of his master when it was time for him to speak or listen to some one. (See *Gulliver's Travels*, Part III, chap. 2.)

38 **Raleigh**, Sir Walter Raleigh, the famous courtier, voyager, and poet of Elizabeth's reign.

40 **Congreve**, a poet and dramatist of Addison's day.
Prior, a poet and politician of Addison's day.

41 **Theobald's**, a mansion built by Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's minister, afterwards the property and favorite hunting-seat of James I. "Ruffs and peaked beards" were fashionable at his court.

42 **Steenkirks**, lace cravats, loosely tied. They took their name from the gay disorder in which the household troops of Louis XIV. charged the English at the battle of Steenkirk in 1692.

43 **Hampton**, Hampton Court on the Thames, some miles above London, a favorite resort of Queen Anne.

69 **Parnell**, a minor British poet, a contemporary of Addison's.

Dr. Blair, a Scotch preacher and lecturer on rhetoric, once considered a great authority, but now almost forgotten.

70 **a tragedy,** etc., *i.e. Cato,* which Macaulay thinks not very much better than Johnson's *Irene,* a tragedy which was generally pronounced a failure at the time and is unread now.

79 **Button's,** a coffee-house in London, a favorite resort of Addison.

85–86 **the nobler parts,** *i.e.* the vital organs.

99 **the Biographia Britannica,** a collection of lives of the most eminent Englishmen, a favorite book of Macaulay's.

106 **the fallen Church,** the Church of England, suppressed by law during the Commonwealth.

107 **the Wild of Sussex,** more commonly called The Weald, a wild district in the South of England. During the Civil Wars it was strongly Royalist.

110 **Dunkirk,** a French seaport on the Strait of Dover, ceded by the French to Cromwell in return for his assistance against the Spanish. Charles II. sold it back, to the great disgust of the English people.

128 **the Revolution,** *i.e.* of 1688, commonly called *the* Revolution in English histories.

130 **the Convocation,** an assembly of the clergy of the English Church for the settlement of church affairs. The convocation of 1689 was summoned by William III. in the hope that it would make such reforms as would admit the nonconformists to membership in the Church of England. Tillotson, then a leading clergyman, was the instrument by whom William hoped to effect these reforms. They were however rejected by the intolerant majority of the Convocation.

135 **the Charter House,** one of the most famous of English schools. It was founded in 1611 in the buildings of an old Carthusian monastery, known as the *Chartereuse,* of which word Charter House is a popular corruption. Thackeray, as well as Addison and Steele, was a Charter House boy.

153 **Magdalene** (pronounced Maudlin), one of the richest and most famous colleges which compose the University of Oxford.

160 **James,** *i.e.* James II.
his Chancellor, the infamous Chief Justice Jeffreys.
In 1689 James ordered the Fellows of Magdalene to elect a Roman Catholic as their head, or president. As this was contrary to the law, they refused and chose Hough, one of their number. He was turned out of his place by force, and a favorite of the king's put in his place. The Fellows who refused to acknowledge the legality of this act were driven from the college, and their places filled by Roman Catholics.

164 **the prosecution of the Bishops.** In 1688 the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops presented a petition to James begging him to excuse the clergy from reading in their pulpits his illegal Declaration of Indulgence, an edict granting complete liberty of worship to Roman Catholics and Dissenters. For this they were sent to the Tower, and prosecuted for seditious libel. This attack on the Church was one of the chief causes of James's downfall.

184 **Demies.** The Demies of Magdalene, thirty in number, were holders of undergraduate scholarships.

188 **the Cherwell,** a little stream which joins the Thames at Oxford.

203 **Lucretius and Catullus,** Latin poets contemporary with Cæsar, the first Latin poets, excepting the dramatists Plautus and Terence, of whose works any large amount remains. **Claudianus and Prudentius,** on the other hand, represent the Latin poetry just before the fall of the Empire.

209 **Buchanan,** George Buchanan, a famous Scotch scholar, tutor to James I. He was especially famous for his Latin verse.

228 **the Metamorphoses,** the longest and best known poem of Ovid's, dealing with the various changes of men and women into beasts, birds, stars, and so forth, which are related in Greek mythology.

232 **Statius,** a Latin poet of the close of the first century of our era.

236 **the story of Pentheus.** Pentheus, king of Thebes, resisted the introduction of the worship of Bacchus and blasphemed the god. In consequence he was torn to pieces by the maddened women who were celebrating the sacred orgies. Among

these was his own mother. This story was dramatized by Euripides in the *Bacchae*, and Theocritus made it the subject of his twenty-sixth Idyll.

246 **Ausonius and Manilius,** minor Latin poets.

254 **Polybius,** a Greek historian of the second Punic War.

255 **Livy,** the great Roman historian, a contemporary of Virgil and Horace.

256 **Silius Italicus,** a minor Latin poet of the first century, who wrote a long epic poem on the second Punic War.

the Rubicon, a little river in Italy separating Cæsar's province of Cisalpine Gaul from Italy proper. His passage of the river at the head of an armed force was the first act of the civil war in which he overthrew the Republic. Plutarch, in his life of Cæsar, represents him as hesitating remorsefully at the brink, and at last crossing it with the words, "A desperate man feareth no dangers: come on." The account in the commentaries on the civil war by Cæsar himself makes no mention of the passage of the Rubicon.

Letters to Atticus. Atticus was an intimate friend of Cicero by whom the letters here mentioned were written.

261 **Lucan,** a Latin poet of the time of Nero. He wrote an epic poem, *The Pharsalia*, on the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey.

264 **Callimachus,** a Greek poet and scholar of the third century B.C.

266 **Juvenal,** the famous Roman satirist.

267 **The Treatise on Medals.** The proper title is *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in relation to the Latin and Greek Poets*, a work of Addison's, published after his death. It is an unfinished work, and deals only with medals struck by the Roman emperors. Hence it is not wonderful that Addison does not quote a line from any Greek writer. That he would have done so had he finished the work is shown by the last part of the title.

279 **Essay on the Evidences of Christianity,** an unfinished work of Addison's, published after his death.

286 **the Cock-Lane ghost,** a famous humbug in London at the time of Dr. Johnson. A house in Cock-Lane, London, was supposed to be haunted by a ghost which proclaimed its presence by raps on the wall, and entered into conversation with

visitors. Half the town believed in the ghost, until it was proved by an investigating committee that a girl in the house was guilty of the trick.

287 **Ireland's Vortigern.** Ireland was a clever forger of the end of the last century who deceived many scholars with forged manuscripts purporting to be by Shakespeare. He finally had the audacity to produce a play, *Vortigern and Rowena*, which he said he had found in Shakespeare's handwriting. It was actually put on the stage as Shakespeare's, but was laughed off the boards, and Ireland was forced to own the imposture.

288 **the Thundering Legion.** When Marcus Aurelius was besieged by a barbarian army and his water supply cut off, a sudden rain-storm filled his trenches and enabled him to defeat the enemy. This fortunate occurrence was ascribed by some to the prayers of a legion of Christian soldiers, and an early historian asserted that Aurelius gave the legion the name of "Fulminata," the Thundering. One of the early defenders of Christianity declared that letters of Aurelius acknowledging the miracle were in existence. No one believes the story now, but in Addison's day it was generally held true.

Tiberius, the second Roman Emperor. Tertullian, one of the early advocates of Christianity, asserts that he was so impressed with the reports of Christ's life that he would have included him among the gods if the senate had not been unwilling. There is no good authority for this story.

290 **Agbarus, King of Edessa.** One of the old church historians, Eusebius, tells us that Agbarus, king of Edessa, a Syrian town, wrote to Christ, begging him to come and heal him of his sickness. The letter and Christ's reply are both given in Eusebius, and are both forgeries, a fact which Addison was not enough of a scholar to detect.

301 **Boyle and Blackmore.** Charles Boyle, an English nobleman with some pretensions to scholarship, was at Oxford along with Addison. "The worst book" of the text is a work in which Boyle and some of his friends attacked the great scholar, Bentley. There is an interesting account of this dispute in Macaulay's *Essay on Sir William Temple.*

Sir Richard Blackmore was an exceedingly dull poet of Addison's day.

307 **an aphorism**, originally a definition, or concise statement of a principle.

an apophthegm, a pithy saying, a maxim. Blackmore is not the only author who has confounded these words. So good a scholar as Dr. Johnson used aphorism in the sense of apophthegm.

309 **false quantities**, a failure to note accurately the length of a Latin syllable is called a "false quantity." English scholars have always been most intolerant of this fault.

315 **Bentley**, the greatest English classical scholar of Addison's time. The *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris* (l. 326) was the work in which he proved that certain Greek letters attributed to Phalaris, a Sicilian tyrant, were forgeries.

330 **Pygmies**, a race of dwarfs inhabiting Africa, who were supposed to wage incessant war with the Cranes.

332 **breakfast-tables**, an allusion to the *Spectator*. See l. 2128.

344–347 "And now between the battle lines advances the leader of the Pygmies, of dreaded majesty and firm step, who towers over all the rest with his huge form, and he is half as high as a man's forearm."

351 **Drury-Lane theatre**, the chief theatre of London in Addison's day.

354 **Dryden**, poet-laureate under Charles II. and James II., had been dismissed from this post after the Revolution of 1688. He was at this time recognized as the leading man of letters in England.

360 **Montague**. See table appended to Introduction to this essay, p. lii.

361 **Chancellor of the Exchequer**, that member of the English government who has charge of all matters relating to revenue and expenditure.

364 **the fourth Georgic**. Virgil wrote four poems on agriculture, which are called the Georgics.

369 **the Newdigate prize**, an annual prize at Oxford for the best English poem; the **Seatonian** is a similar prize at Cambridge.

370 **The heroic couplet**, the five foot iambic measure, in which the

rhymes are arranged in couplets. Pope's *Iliad* is written in this form.

379 **Pope**, the greatest poet of Queen Anne's age. His *Pastorals*, his first work, appeared in 1709.

389 **Rochester**, an intimate friend of Charles II., a most dissolute man, and a lyric poet of great merit.

Marvel. Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton, and a poet and satirist of considerable merit.

Oldham, a minor poet of the Restoration.

391 **Ben Jonson**, the famous poet and dramatist of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Hoole, a minor poet of the close of the eighteenth century.

396 **Brunel**, a famous engineer who erected a "block machine," here called a mill, in the English navy-yard at Portsmouth.

428 **Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh**, all forgotten poets of the close of the seventeenth century.

444 **his bees.** The fourth Georgic treats in part of bee-culture.

462 **Dorset**, an English nobleman of some talent for verse writing, and a great patron of letters toward the close of the seventeenth century.

465 **Rasselas**, the hero of Dr. Johnson's story of that name.

485 **Somers.** See Introduction, p. lii.

492 **the press was free.** In 1695 the House of Commons declined to renew the lately expired law which subjected the press to a censorship. The act was almost unnoticed at the time, but, to quote Macaulay's words, "it has done more for liberty and for civilisation than the Great Charter or the Bill of Rights."

504 **The Revolution of July 1830**, the three days' fight in the streets of Paris, in which Charles X., the last of the Bourbons, was driven from the throne of France.

515 **Somersets and Shrewsburies.** See Introduction, p. liii.

519 **Both the great chiefs**, etc. Somers and Montague.

525 **the peace of Ryswick**, concluded in 1697 between Louis XIV. of France, and the allies — England, Holland, Austria, and Spain. It was considered a great triumph for William III., the leader of the Allies.

535 **the Lord Chancellor**, Somers; not to be confused with th-

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Montague, mentioned in l. 538.

559 **a toast**, a reigning belle whose health was drunk by her admirers. It was an old custom in England to put a bit of toasted bread into such favorite drinks as spiced ale or sack. An incident mentioned by Steele (*Tatler*, No. 24) led to the use of the word to indicate a lady whose health was drunk in such liquor. Such a person was said to be "toasted." Nowadays the word "toast" is used for any health drunk at a banquet.

562 **the Kit Cat Club**, perhaps the most famous of all the social clubs of Queen Anne's reign. It took its name from the mutton pies called Kit Cats, made by Christopher (or Kit) Cat. It was composed of Whig noblemen and men of letters, and was especially noted for its "toasts," *i.e.* its collection of names of beautiful women inscribed with a diamond on the drinking glasses of the club. Under such a name were often inscribed verses in the lady's honor.

565 **Versailles**, the famous park and palace of Louis XIV.

571 **Racine**, the second of the great French tragedians. The sacred dramas referred to are his *Esther* and *Athalie*.

572 **Dacier**, a French classical scholar of the reign of Louis XIV.

573 **the Athanasian mysteries**. Athanasius, one of the early Christian Fathers, was the great defender of the doctrine of the Trinity. It is to this doctrine that Macaulay here alludes.

584 **an Abbé**, a title assumed at this time in France by students of theology, who had only a formal connection with the church, and were, for the most part, tutors or literary men.

585 **Spence**, Joseph Spence, an English writer of the eighteenth century, best known as the author of a collection of literary anecdotes.

594 **the Guardian**, a periodical planned by Steele, to which Addison contributed.

602 **Malbranche**, a famous French philosopher.

603 **Boileau**, a famous French poet and critic, at this time a literary dictator in France.

605 **Hobbes**, an English philosopher of the seventeenth century. His book, *The Leviathan*, was a treatise on the theory of government.

611 **the Academy**, the famous French society of men of letters founded by Cardinal Richelieu and still existing.

621 **Sir Joshua**. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great English painter of the last century.

622 **Mrs. Thrale**, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, who often stayed at her home, Streatham Park, in Surrey. Among the accomplished men referred to in this passage are Dr. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and others.

623 **Wieland**, a German poet of the eighteenth century.

Lessing, a German scholar and man of letters of the eighteenth century.

626 **Absalom and Achitophel**, Dryden's famous political satire.

629 **Johnson**. In the *Life of Addison* included among his *Lives of the Poets*.

656 **Pollio**, a Roman politician and author of the Augustan age. He declared that Livy's style smacked of the provincial dialect of Patavium, an Italian city near the Po, where that writer was born.

668 **Erasmus**, one of the greatest scholars of the Renaissance. He was famous for the beauty of his Latin style.

Fracastorius, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century who wrote a number of Latin poems.

Dr. Robertson, a Scotch historian of the last century.

674 **alcaics**, a classical metre taking its name from the Greek poet Alcæus.

Gray, the famous author of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

elegiacs, another classical metre consisting of hexameter and pentameter lines alternately.

Vincent Bourne, an English scholar of the eighteenth century, author of some much-admired Latin poems.

681 **Vida**, an Italian writer of Latin poetry.

Sannazar, an Italian poet who wrote a Latin poem on the birth of the Virgin.

685 **Fraguier**, a French scholar and writer of Latin verse contemporary with Boileau.

693 "Oh, Muse, why dost thou bid me once more stammer in Latin verses, me born far north of the Alps, of a Sigambrian (German, or perhaps barbarian) father."

697–698 **Machinæ Gesticulantes** (the puppets), **Gerano-Pygmæo-**

machia (the war of the Cranes and Pygmies), two of Addison's Latin poems.

721 **his engagements**, etc. Louis XIV. had entered into an arrangement, called the Treaty of Partition, with England and Holland, that at the death of the childless King of Spain the greater part of his possessions should go to an Austrian Archduke, while France was to receive certain Italian territories belonging to Spain as a compensation. To prevent the division of his empire the King of Spain left it entirely to a French prince, the grandson of Louis, whose acceptance of the bequest brought on the War of the Spanish Succession.

722 **the States General**, the representative assembly of the Dutch Republic.

737 **Ligurian.** Liguria was a Roman maritime province in the southwest corner of France and the northeast corner of Italy, corresponding roughly to the Riviera of the present day.

749 **Savona**, a little town on the Ligurian coast, not far from Genoa.

752 **Doge**, the Italian equivalent for duke, the title of the chief magistrate of Genoa as well as of Venice.

753 **Book of Gold**, the official register in which the names of the noble families were inscribed.

756 **the Annunciation**, one of the largest and most splendid churches of Genoa. Addison noted that "all but one corner of it was covered with statues, gilding, and paint."

758 **Doria**, the greatest of the Genoese patrician families. Addison said "perhaps no house in Europe can show a longer line of heroes that have still acted for the good of their country."

759 **Gothic magnificence.** The cathedral of Milan is one of the most striking specimens of Gothic architecture in Italy. Addison noted that the front was not half finished, and that the inside was smutted with dust and the smoke of lamps.

760 **Benacus**, now Lago di Garda, one of the beautiful lakes of northern Italy. Virgil refers to its stormy waters in the second Georgic.

769 **Cato**, the younger, the enemy of Cæsar.

770 **Scipio**, Metellus Scipio, father-in-law of Pompey and commander of the senatorial forces against Cæsar in the African campaign.

788 **San Marino**, a tiny republic in the Apennines, still existing.

797 **the metropolis**, etc., Rome.

800 **St. Peter's**, the cathedral of Rome and the greatest church in the world.

the Pantheon, a Roman temple built in the time of Augustus, now a Christian church.

802 **Holy Week**, the week before Easter. At Rome it is given up almost entirely to religious services of a very beautiful and impressive character.

815 **the Appian Way**, a Roman road taking its name from its builder, Appius Claudius.

819 **Herculaneum**, a town on the slope of Mt. Vesuvius, overwhelmed by the famous eruption which destroyed Pompeii. The very sites of these cities were unknown when Addison visited Naples.

820 **Pæstum**, a deserted city on the Italian coast, south of Naples, famous for its beautiful Greek temples. It was unknown to modern scholars till about 1745.

824 **Salvator**. Salvator Rosa, a famous Neapolitan painter of the seventeenth century.

825 **Vico**, a great Italian philosopher and student of the classics.

827 **Yucatan**, a peninsula in Mexico containing several ruined cities, which have only recently been explored.

829 **Posilipo**, a ridge to the southwest of Naples. A tunnel running through it is said to have been opened by Augustus.

830 **Capreæ**, now Capri, an island in the bay of Naples, one of the loveliest spots in the world.

834 **Philip the Fifth**, the French prince mentioned in the note to line 721.

837 **the Italian dependencies**, viz.: Milan, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia.

842 **Jacobitism**, the belief of the Jacobites, adherents of James II., in the divine right of kings.

Freeholder, a periodical published by Addison; see pp. 131–2 of this essay.

the Tory foxhunter, a typical figure drawn by Addison in ridicule of the ignorant partisanship of many English country gentlemen.

848 **Trojan adventurers,** the companions of Æneas. Misenus, the trumpeter of the party, was buried on an Italian promontory which takes its name from him.

850 **Circe,** the famous witch of Greek mythology, who gave her name to the promontory Circeii on the west coast of Italy.

853 **Ostia,** a city at the mouth of the Tiber, the old seaport of Rome.

867 **Sienna,** a city in Tuscany, famous among other things for the beauty of its Gothic cathedral.

882 **the Museum,** the Uffizzi gallery, containing, among other famous statues, the Venus de' Medici, the Wrestlers, and the Niobe group.

886 **Eugene,** Prince Eugene, the great Austrian general, next to Marlborough the most formidable opponent of Louis XIV.

887 **the Rhætian Alps** divide Austria from Lombardy.

Catinat, a French marshal under Louis XIV.

888 **The faithless ruler,** Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. He had deserted the allies and joined Louis shortly before the peace of Ryswick, but deserted Louis to join the allies shortly after the beginning of the War of the Spanish Succession.

892 **the Grand Alliance,** of England, Holland, Prussia, and Austria, to prevent Louis from accepting the bequest of the Spanish empire for his grandson.

895 **Mont Cenis,** one of the Alps, between France and Italy. Napoleon built a fine military road over it.

911 **Dryden** died in 1700; the *Essay on Criticism*, the best of Pope's early works, was published in 1711.

919 **impeached by the House of Commons.** Halifax was impeached, that is ordered to be tried, for negotiating the Partition Treaty, already mentioned. He denied the charge, and his peers, the House of Lords, by whom alone he could be tried, threw out the bill of impeachment.

934 **death of William the Third.** William's horse stumbled over a molehill in Hampton Park and threw his rider. The shock was too great for the king's enfeebled health and he died about two weeks later, March 8, 1702.

936 **personal, political, and religious.** Anne had repeatedly quarrelled with William and Mary, owing largely to her infatuation for the Marlboroughs. The Whigs had naturally supported the king in these quarrels. In politics, Anne was opposed to the liberal principles of the Whigs, and their Low Church ideas were most distasteful to her High Church prejudices.

941 **the Privy Council,** the body of advisers to the monarch out of which the present English cabinet has developed.

945 **tutor.** There is no good authority for this statement.

954 **the United Provinces,** *i.e.* of Holland.

970–971 **Godolphin and Marlborough.** See Introduction, p. liii.

977 **the funded debt,** the national debt, then a new thing in England. It had its origin in a financial measure of Montague's in 1692.

Dissenters, Protestants who dissented from the Church of England.

1002 **Canning,** a great English statesman of the beginning of this century. Though a Tory he broke with the Holy Alliance which the Tories had favored, and in union with the United States preserved the Spanish Republics of South America from European conquest.

1004 **Nottingham and Jersey.** See Introduction, pp. liii. and liv.

1005 **Lord Eldon,** the famous Tory chancellor of the beginning of this century. He was a most narrow-minded and bigoted man.

Lord Westmoreland, a strong Tory, held a high place in the same ministry as Eldon.

1008 **Sunderland, Cowper.** See Introduction, p. lii.

1015 **Blenheim,** a complete victory won by Marlborough and Eugene over the French.

1019 **the Imperial throne,** the Holy Roman Empire, of which the Archduke of Austria was at that time hereditary sovereign. The French were pressing on toward Vienna when they were beaten at Blenheim.

1020 **the Act of Settlement,** the Act of Parliament settling the succession to the throne upon the House of Hanover. Louis, who was supporting the claim of the exiled Stuarts to the English throne, was naturally hostile to this act.

1028 **Newmarket,** the well-known English race course.

1068 **a visit.** There is a very good account of this visit in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond.*

1077 **the famous similitude,** etc. Addison, after speaking of Marlborough's coolness in the heat of battle and the precision with which he directed the attack, says: —

> "So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
> Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
> And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

1078 **A Commissionership,** a place in the Customs.

1081 **The Campaign,** the name of the poem just described.

1113 **Lycia,** a country in Asia Minor, the ally of Troy during the siege of that city.

Scamander, the little stream that flowed through the plain of Troy.

1116 **Sidonian.** Sidon was famous for its bronze armor.

1117 **Thessalian.** Thessaly, a country in the north of Greece, was famous for its horses.

1120 **Lifeguardsman Shaw,** a famous pugilist of great bodily size and strength. He fell at Waterloo, where he is said to have killed ten Frenchmen. He belonged to the Lifeguards, a crack regiment of English cavalry.

1123 **the Mamelukes,** the famous cavalry of Egypt, beaten by Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids. Mourad Bey was their leader.

1138 **Asdrubal,** etc. The names in this passage are taken from the poem of Silius already referred to. The only historical names are Asdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, Nero, the Roman general who defeated him at the Metaurus, Fabius, the great opponent of Hannibal in the early part of the war, and Hannibal himself. The others are imaginary.

1150 **John Philips,** a minor poet of Addison's day, who wrote a

poem called *Blenheim*, in honor of Marlborough's victory. The lines in the text are taken from this poem. The *Splendid Shilling*, which Addison called the finest burlesque poem in the British language, is a mock-heroic imitation of Milton's style.

1154 **Churchill**, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

1155 **Tallard**, a French general captured at Blenheim.

1176 **Johnson's remarks.** Johnson, in his Life of Addison (*Lives of the Poets*) insists that the celebrated simile is not a simile at all, and that the general idea was one that would have occurred to any writer on the battle of Blenheim.

1203 **speculations on the projects of Victor**, as to which side the Duke of Savoy would take in the War of the Spanish Succession.

1207 **Rutulians**, an Italian tribe which resisted the settlement of Æneas.

1210 **Faustina**, the wicked wife of Marcus Aurelius.

1226 **Boiardo** and **Berni**, Italian poets of the Renaissance.

Lorenzo, the greatest ruler of the great house of the Medici, a poet as well as a statesman.

1227 **Machiavelli**, the great Florentine statesman and historian.

1230–1 **Valerius Flaccus** and **Sidonius Apollinaris**, minor Latin poets.

the Ticin, a river in northern Italy.

1233 **Albula**, a stream near Rome.

Martial, a Roman poet and satirist of the first century.

1234 **Santa Croce**, the great church in which the famous dead of Florence, among others Galileo, Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli, are buried.

1235 **the wood of Ravenna**, the Pinetum, or pine-wood, just outside Ravenna. **The Spectre Huntsman** was the ghost of a dead lover who was seen chasing the spirit of his hard-hearted mistress through this wood. This story, first told by Boccaccio, is the subject of one of Dryden's best poems, *Theodore and Honoria*.

1237 **Francesca**, a lady of Rimini, slain by her husband because of her guilty passion for his brother, Paolo. The pathetic story of the lovers forms one of the most celebrated passages in Dante.

1241 **Filicaja**, an Italian poet of Addison's time. Macaulay's estimate of him is absurdly exaggerated.

1250 **Rosamond**, a sort of comic opera on the story of Henry II.'s love for Fair Rosamond.

1257 **Rowe**, a dramatist of Addison's day, famous for his bombastic, blank verse tragedies.

1260 **Arne**, an English musical composer, author of the music for *Rule Britannia*.

1272 **the Great Seal**, used for giving Royal sanction to documents. It is in the official keeping of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

1275 **the order of the garter**, the most famous order of knighthood in England, founded by Edward III. in honor of St. George. It is, as a rule, only bestowed upon royal persons and members of the highest nobility.

the Electoral Prince, the acknowledged heir to the English throne, afterward George I.

1287 **the Duchess of Marlborough**, a beautiful and fascinating, but imperious and headstrong woman, had been the intimate friend of Queen Anne, over whom she had obtained almost absolute control. Her dictatorial manners finally wore out the queen's temper and she was dismissed from court.

1288 **the Captain General**, Marlborough.

1294 **Sacheverell**. See Outline of English History, p. l.

Harley. See Table of Politicians, p. liv.

1298 **Lord President**, etc., *i.e.* presiding officer of the Privy Council.

1299 **Wharton**. See Introduction, p. lii.

1317–18 **Talbot**, **Russell**, and **Bentinck**, the family names of the ducal houses of Shrewsbury, Bedford, and Portland.

1319 **a post**, *i.e.* that of Secretary of State.

1320 **Chatham**, William Pitt the Elder, first Lord Chatham, one of the greatest of English statesmen.

Fox, Charles James Fox, the great Whig statesman of the close of the last century.

1324 **the interval**, etc., the period from 1693 to about 1771.

1332 **the Conduct of the Allies**, a party pamphlet by Swift, attacking the conduct of the Whig ministry and their allies in unduly prolonging the war with France.

1340 **Antrim** and **Aberdeenshire**, counties in the north of Ireland and Scotland respectively.

1351 **Walpole** and **Pulteney.** Walpole was the great Whig prime minister of George I. and George II.; Pulteney was his most able opponent.

1357 **Grub Street,** a street in London, formerly noted as the abode of poor authors. It has come to be a stock phrase for the body of hack writers for the press.

1361 **the Craftsman,** a political periodical attacking Walpole's administration.

1375 **pudding sleeves,** the large loose sleeves of the black gowns worn by clergymen at that time.

1398 **Nemesis,** the Greek goddess of retribution. She punished especially careless and presumptuous prosperity.

1406 **Mary Montague,** one of the cleverest women in England in the first part of the last century. She had some literary talent and was a friend or acquaintance of most of the writers of her day.

1411 **Stella,** the nick-name which Swift gave his sweetheart, Esther Johnson.

1416 **Terence,** a Latin comedian, famous for his graceful wit, as Catullus (see note, l. 203) is for his perfect style.

1418 **Young,** an English poet of the last century, a younger contemporary of Addison's.

1433 **Mr. Softly's sonnet.** This essay, *Tatler*, No. 163, as well as those in which Lady Q-p-t-s appears, *Spectator*, Nos. 567 and 568, should, if possible, be read by the student. It is impossible to give in a note any idea of the "innocent mischief" which Addison displays in them.

1445 **St. Paul's in Covent Garden,** a London church not to be confused with the great cathedral of St. Paul's. Button's coffee-house was in Covent Garden.

1462 **Queen Anne's reign.** This is one of Macaulay's sweeping exaggerations. Swift and Pope, both writers of this period, were distinguished for their temperate habits.

1481 **Boswell.** See note on l. 1982 of the *Essay on Milton.*

Warburton, an English divine and scholar of the last century.

Hurd, an English divine and scholar, the client and humble admirer of Warburton, whose works he edited.

1487 **Budgell,** a first cousin once removed of Addison's. He studied law in the Temple, an old building once belong-

ing to the Knights Templars, later one of the London law schools, but spent most of his time in literature. He wrote, among other things, one of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers in the *Spectator*. His mind was affected in the latter part of his life, which probably led to his eccentricities and crime. The last lines here alluded to were as follows:

> " What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong."

They were written in view of his intended suicide by drowning in the Thames.

1502 **Ambrose Phillipps,** not to be confused with John Philips. See note on l. 1150. He was the author of a set of Pastorals greatly admired by Addison's set, and the adapter from the French of the *Distressed Mother*, which Sir Roger de Coverley saw on his memorable visit to the theatre. He also wrote a number of poems to children, the tinkling sweetness of which earned first for him, and then for the style in which his poems were written, the title of "Namby Pamby." One of them, for example, begins: —

> " Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling,
> All caressing, none beguiling,
> Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
> Every charm to nature owing."

1507 **Richard Steele.** See Introduction to Essay on Addison, p. xliii.

1508 **Tickell,** a minor poet of the time. Nearly everything that is worth saying about him is said in this essay.

1526 **a spunging house,** a place of detention where arrested debtors were kept for a day or so before being taken to jail, in order that their friends might have a chance to pay the debt. These houses took their name from the outrageous charges their owners made for food, drink, and lodging, "spunging" being an old slang phrase for "swindling."

1538 **Savage,** a wild and wretched English poet, the friend of Dr. Johnson.

1548 **Fielding's Amelia,** the last novel of Henry Fielding, the greatest novelist of the eighteenth century.

1565 **Bayle's Dictionary.** Pierre Bayle was a French philosopher and critic of the seventeenth century. His *Dictionnaire*

Historique et Critique was highly valued by Addison, who is said to have had it always lying open on his table.

1576 **an ingenious and graceful little poem.** Tickell's *Lines to Mr. Addison on his Opera of Rosamond* are a piece of gross flattery. He compares Addison's trifling work to Virgil's account of Dido's love and death, and hails him as the "great monarch of the British lays."

1581 **the rival bulls.** In the third Georgic Virgil has a fine picture of two bulls fighting for the love of a beautiful heifer.

1603 **Cavan,** a county town in the north of Ireland. Addison's speeches in the Irish Parliament referred to in this connection are mere formal reports.

1610 **Gerard Hamilton,** an English politician of the eighteenth century. His first speech in Parliament made an extraordinary sensation, and he spoke so little thereafter that he was nicknamed "Single-speech Hamilton." He did not, however, sit absolutely mute at Westminster, for there is a notice of a second speech of his.

1614 **Lord Halifax,** the grand-nephew of Addison's friend and patron.

1630 **periodical papers.** Newspapers began in England during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. In Queen Anne's reign the first permanent daily newspaper was established. Other periodical publications were Defoe's *Review,* the *British Apollo,* the *Protestant Postboy,* etc.

1636 **Gazetteer,** *i.e.* editor of the Gazette, the official newspaper of the government, whose rule was, in Steele's words, to keep it "very innocent and very insipid." He was not appointed by Sunderland at the request of Addison, but by Harley, and later lost his place for permitting an attack on that statesman to appear in the *Tatler,* which Swift called "devilish ungrateful."

1645 **Will's,** a London coffee-house, which Dryden had long made the headquarters of men of letters. The **Grecian** was another coffee-house near the Temple, chiefly visited by learned men.

1665 **Mr. Paul Pry,** a character in a play of the same name, very popular when this essay was written.

1667 **Partridge,** the best known of the London almanac makers of

Addison's time. He called himself "Student in Physick and Astrology," and predicted the events of the coming year in his almanacs.

1698 **Temple**, Sir William Temple, an English statesman of the reign of Charles II. He wrote a number of essays which are remarkable for their charm of style.

1702 **Horace Walpole**, son of the statesman mentioned in l. 1351. He wrote many prose works, of whose style Macaulay says elsewhere: "His composition often reads, for a page together, like a rude translation from the French."

the half Latin style, etc. Johnson's style is not so latinized as one would think from this reference. But he undoubtedly was fond of using long words where most writers use short ones. Goldsmith once said to him, "Doctor, if you wrote a fable, you would make the little fishes talk like whales."

1703 **half German jargon.** This is probably a thrust at Carlyle, whose style was largely influenced by his German studies.

1708 **Menander**, an old Greek comedian, whose plays, now lost, served as models for those of Plautus and Terence. There is frequent reference in classical writers to his clever wit and elegant language.

1710 **Butler**, an English poet of the Restoration. His best known work is *Hudibras*, a very witty satire on the Puritans.

1711 "**Lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller**," a very clever little poem by Addison to Kneller, the great portrait painter of his day, on his picture of George I. It is full of the most artful flattery, both of the painter and of the king.

1719 **a great poet**, used here in the sense of a creative genius, not merely a writer of verse.

1728 **Cervantes**, the great Spanish writer. His characters of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are among the most real in the world of fiction.

1740 **Voltaire**, one of the greatest Frenchmen of the eighteenth century — poet, historian, and philosopher. He was distinguished for his command of ridicule, which he heaped impartially upon kings, priests, and his private enemies. Macaulay says in his *Essay on Frederick the Great:* "Of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire."

1754 **the commination service**, a solemn service in the English Book of Common Prayer, composed of a proclamation of God's wrath against sinners, and various penitential psalms and prayers. It is omitted in the American Prayer Book.

1763 **Jack Pudding**, the low clown of a farce.

a Cynic, the name applied to a school of Greek philosophers who taught that pleasure was, in itself, an evil. It is now applied to all persons of a dissatisfied and sneering disposition.

1771 **Abbé Coyer**, a French author of Voltaire's day.

1773 **Arbuthnot**, a doctor and man of letters of Queen Anne's reign. His best work, *The History of John Bull*, is a political satire in the manner of Swift.

1778 **the World**, etc. These are the names of a series of eighteenth century periodicals.

1797 **Mephistophiles**, a devil, the spirit that denies the truth, and tempts men away from it.

1798 **Soame Jenyns**, an English man of letters of the last century, a contemporary of Dr. Johnson.

Puck, the mischievous fairy of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

1819 **Bettesworth**, a lawyer and member of the Irish Parliament. He offended Swift, who attacked him in a satirical poem: —

> "Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
> Tho' half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law nor text or margent,
> Calls Singleton[1] his brother sergeant."

1820 **Franc de Pompignan**, a French gentleman with some pretensions to literary talent. He was admitted into the Academy and distinguished himself in his first speech by a savage attack on the philosophers of the day. Voltaire, then an exile, took up the cudgels for his order, and overwhelmed De Pompignan with such a continuous shower of ridicule that the unlucky man fled from Paris, and buried himself in his native village.

1830 **Jeremy Collier**, an English divine who, in 1698, wrote a famous pamphlet called *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. It made a great

[1] Singleton was one of the greatest lawyers of the time.

sensation, and helped to free the stage from the indecencies which had disgraced it since the Restoration.

1831 **Etherege**, the first of the Restoration dramatists, a gay and witty writer whom Macaulay wrongs by bracketing with Wycherly, a somewhat later dramatist, notorious for the cynical indecency of his plays.

1838 **Hale**, Lord Chief Justice of England under Charles II., famous for his piety in a licentious age.

Tillotson. See note, l. 130.

1841 **Vanbrugh**, an English architect and comedian of Addison's day. Collier asserted that all his heroes were professed libertines.

1852 **Tom Folio**, etc. The student should, if possible, read these papers. They are Nos. 158, 163, 155, 250, 253, 256, 259, 262, 265, 220, 254, and 249 of the *Tatler*.

1860 **Smalridge**, an English bishop of Addison's day, "abounding in that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful."

1877 **a disputed title**. Anne's claim to the throne rested on an act of Parliament disinheriting her younger brother, James Francis Edward, afterward known as the Old Pretender. The legality of this act was, of course, denied by the Jacobites.

1886 **outbreaks in 1820 and 1831**. The first of these was to testify the popular sympathy with Queen Caroline, whose husband, George IV., was endeavoring by slanderous accusations to secure a divorce. The second heralded the passage of the famous Reform Bill.

1896 **Marli**, a village near Versailles, where Louis XIV. had a beautiful summer palace.

1897 **the Pretender**, Queen Anne's brother.

St. James's, a royal palace in London.

1905 **his white staff**, his sign of office as Lord Treasurer.

1916 **him who**, etc., Harley.

1931 **the government**, etc., Lord North's.

1932 **the government**, etc., Lord Portland's, which, in 1809, made a mad attempt to seize Antwerp. About half the army died of swamp fever. Walcheren is an island near Antwerp.

1941 **a great lady**, the Countess of Warwick.

1953 **as tutor again.** As Addison was able to spend $50,000 in buying an estate this year, it does not seem that he was reduced to poverty.

Commissioner of Stamps, not of post-office, but of revenue stamps.

2019 **Child's**, a London coffee-house frequented by the clergy.

2020 **St. James's**, a London coffee-house frequented by the Whigs. The Tories went to White's.

2042 **Richardson**, the novelist, author of *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, etc.

2043 **Smollett**, the third of the great trio of English novelists here named, author of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, etc.

2051 **Spring Gardens**, a public place of entertainment on the Surrey side of London, better known as Vauxhall.

the Abbey, Westminster.

2052 **the Mohawks**, wild young men of fashion who roamed the streets at night, playing cruel practical jokes upon all whom they encountered. There is a long account of them in the three hundred and twenty-fourth number of the *Spectator*.

2053 **the Distressed Mother.** See note, line 1502.

2056 **a jack**, a pickerel.

2061 **the Spectator resigns**, etc. All the events mentioned in the above lines are found in the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.

2085 **Lucian**, a Greek satirist of the second century of our era. The *Auction of Lives* is a witty dialogue in ridicule of philosophers.

2087 **Scherezade**, the story-telling Sultana of the *Arabian Nights*.

2088 **La Bruyère**, a French writer of the seventeenth century. His chief work, *Les Caractères*, is a series of character-sketches.

2090 **Horatian**, *i.e.* resembling Horace, the famous Latin poet and satirist.

2093 **Massillon**, a great French preacher of Addison's time.

2098 **the two Visits**, etc. These and the following essays should, if possible, be read by the student. They are Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, and 517.

116 **Chevy Chace**, a fine old English ballad, telling of the great battle between the Percy and the Douglas. Addison wrote two papers (*Spectator*, Nos. 70, 74) on it, illustrating its good points by comparing it with Virgil.

121 **the stamp tax.** The Tory ministry in 1712 imposed a tax of a halfpenny a half sheet on all papers and pamphlets.

123 **doubled its price**, from a penny to two-pence. There was a good deal of grumbling over the increased price, and Addison wrote a humorous paper (*Spectator*, No. 488) recommending people to spend less in other ways and keep on buying his paper.

128 **bohea**, tea, the fashionable morning drink in Queen Anne's time. The name comes from two hill ranges in a Chinese province whence tea was first exported to England.

142 **Scott.** Twenty thousand copies of the *Lady of the Lake* were sold within the first year. Of *Ivanhoe*, perhaps his most successful novel, twelve thousand copies were sold at once.
Dickens, there were some seventy thousand subscribers to the magazine in which the *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* appeared a year or two before this essay was written.

149 **the Guardian**, a daily paper started by Steele. It took its name from its supposed editor, Nestor Ironside, the guardian, not only of the young Lizards (fictitious characters who appear from time to time in the paper), but also of the manners and morals of the English people.

167 **some thought**, etc. Dryden is said to have dissuaded him from attempting to get his first sketch of *Cato* staged, and Pope seems to have expressed the same opinion of the finished play.

173 **Sempronius**, a character in the play of *Cato* who raises a mutiny against the hero, and attempts to desert to Cæsar.

181 **Mr. Macready**, a great actor and manager of Macaulay's day.
Juba, the young lover of Cato's daughter, Marcia, in the play.

183 **the birthday**, that of the sovereign, when a Duchess would naturally wear her very best.

185 **Booth**, a tragic actor of that time who reached the climax of his reputation by this performance.

2188 **the Peers in Opposition.** The majority of the House of Lords at this time were Whigs in opposition to the Tory ministry.

2189 **the Inns of Court,** the London law schools, whose students prided themselves at that time on their taste for literature and the drama.

2192 **warm men,** a slang phrase of Addison's day for rich men.

2193 **Jonathan's and Garroway's,** coffee-houses frequented by merchants and stock-brokers.

2200 **the great military chief,** Julius Cæsar. He does not appear in Addison's play, but the hero, Cato, is forever denouncing him.

2205 **the October,** a high Tory club, so called from the October ale, the favorite drink of its members.

2225 **the epilogue,** a rather silly tirade against the worship of wealth.

Garth, a physician, poet, and politician of Addison's day.

2239 **a patent,** here meaning an edict by the Queen.

2246 **the Act,** the public disputation to attain a degree at Oxford. The occasions on which these were held corresponded roughly to the commencements of our colleges.

2256 **Schiller,** the great German dramatist. Among "the productions of his manhood" are *William Tell*, *Maria Stuart*, and *Wallenstein*.

2259 **Athalie,** Racine's great play; **Saul,** the most successful play of Alfieri, the great Italian dramatist of the eighteenth century.

2260 **Cinna,** one of the best plays of the great French dramatist, Corneille.

2271 **Dennis,** a mediocre poet and critic of the day. His *Remarks on Cato*, preserved in part by Johnson (Life of Addison), are a series of amusing and sarcastic attacks on some absurdities of the play, which had passed unnoticed in the tumult of applause.

2317 **Atticus,** the name Pope gave to Addison when attacking him in the satire mentioned below. See lines 2785, etc.

Sporus, Pope's nickname for Lord Hervey, a courtier whom he hated.

2327 **peripetia,** change of fortune, as shown by the next words of

the text. In a tragedy the change is usually from good to bad.

2349 **Stockbridge**, a borough in the South of England.

2401 **the Lords Justices**, the members of the council just referred to in the text.

2410 **Mackintosh**, an English historian of Macaulay's time. He wrote a history of the Revolution of 1688.

2331 **sign manual**, autograph.

2434 **the India Board**, the governing body of India before the possessions of the old East India Company were turned over to the nation.

2459 **much good nature**, etc. Addison presented a copy of his *Travels in Italy* to "Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."

2460 **Swift of 1708.** In this year Swift was the close friend of Addison, Steele, and the other Whig men of letters. In 1738 he was declining into the madness in which he died.

2465 **his profession**, the Church.

2468 **the Tale of a Tub**, an early work by Swift, meant to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Dissenters, but in fact treating all religious sects rather flippantly.

2469 **their orthodoxy.** The Whigs were not only liberal in church matters, but some of them, Wharton for instance, were infidels and blasphemers.

2480 **a country**, Ireland.

2485 **the hereditary guests**, Glaucus and Diomed. The story is told in the sixth book of the *Iliad.* The passage in the text is translated as follows: "Let us shun each other's spears, even amid the throng; Trojans there are in multitudes and famous allies for me to slay, whoe'er it be that God vouchsafeth me and my feet overtake; and for thee there are Achaians in multitude, to slay whome'er thou canst."

2506 **the Dean of St. Patrick's**, that is of the Cathedral of St. Patrick in Dublin, the ecclesiastical dignity mentioned in line 2478.

2526 **the Board of Trade**, a department of the government looking after commerce.

2527 **The Drummer,** a rather stupid comedy. It was so badly received that Addison would not own it, and it was not included in the first edition of his works. But Steele, who must have known the truth, published it as Addison's.

2536 **the Rebellion,** an attempt under the Earl of Mar to raise Scotland for the Pretender.

2544 **Squire Western,** a country gentleman in Fielding's novel, *Tom Jones,* one of the best comic characters in English literature.

2552 **The High Street,** the central street of Oxford.

2570 **Letter to the Bailiff, Reader,** a political pamphlet and a periodical by Steele.

2575 **Pope was false,** etc. This is another of Macaulay's picturesque exaggerations. Addison had been very far from detecting such qualities in Pope, and it is an open question whether they existed for him to detect.

2578 **supernatural machinery,** a technical term for all superhuman beings who interfere in the action of a poem or play, like the gods in the *Iliad,* or the fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

2581 **the Sylphs and Gnomes,** the fairies of Air and Earth who appear in the *Rape of the Lock.* Umbriel is a gnome, the other three are sylphs.

2582 **The Rosicrucian mythology.** The Society of the Rosy Cross was an elaborate hoax of the seventeenth century. Many were taken in by it, and believed in the existence of a body of philosophers who held sway over the spirits of the four elements. The mythology here alluded to is the Rosicrucian doctrine that each element had its own peculiar inhabitants: sylphs lived in the air, gnomes in the earth, nymphs in the water, and salamanders in the fire.

2608 **Tasso,** etc. In his latter years Tasso re-wrote and spoiled his great poem "Jerusalem Delivered."

2609 **Akenside,** a minor poet of the eighteenth century. *The Pleasures of Imagination,* published in 1744, was recast some twenty years later. His *Epistle to Curio, i.e.* to Pulteney (see note, l. 1351) was published in 1744, and afterward altered into the *Ode to Curio.*

2613 **the Dunciad**, the epic of the dunces, a famous satirical poem by Pope.

2615 **nobody else.** Macaulay was apparently unaware that Shakespeare had recast several of his greatest plays, among others *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet.*

2620 **Herder**, a German poet and critic of the eighteenth century.

2621 **Faust**, the great magician who was said to have sold his soul to the devil. He is the hero of Goethe's greatest drama.

2656 **Bottom.** Bottom and Peter Quince are characters in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

2725 **The Satirist, The Age**, two scandalous Tory newspapers of the early part of the nineteenth century.

2735 **The Duke of Chandos**, a very rich nobleman of Pope's day. A passage in one of Pope's poems was generally supposed to be an attack on his extravagance and bad taste. Pope denied the charge with great vehemence, and we may believe that he did not intend directly to lampoon the Duke, though he undoubtedly took some hints for his poem from the Duke's tastes and character.

2730 **Aaron Hill**, an obscure poet of Pope's day. Macaulay's insinuation that Pope published a foul lampoon on Hill is quite unfounded, though there are some lines in the *Dunciad*, half complimentary, half satirical, that are supposed to refer to him.

2741 **Lady Mary Wortley Montague**, one of the most talented women of Pope's day. She and Pope had been warm friends and correspondents, but ended as bitter enemies. Pope is said to have made a declaration of love to her and to have been rejected with a burst of laughter. He insulted her shamefully in several of his poems, and she is said to have replied in like fashion.

2744 **robbed himself of his own letters.** Pope was anxious to have a volume of his letters, of which he was very proud, published. In order not to seem to do it himself, he had a man sell copies of them to a greedy publisher. He then threatened the publisher with arrest, and finally brought out an edition of his own under the pretense of being forced to do so by the mistakes and omissions of the first edition. The whole transaction was unworthy of a

great man, but peculiarly characteristic of Pope's preference for the roundabout and the underhand.

2755 **act of gross perfidy.** Bolingbroke had sent Pope a manuscript copy of his *Patriot King*, bidding him keep it strictly to himself. Pope had an edition of it privately printed with several alterations of his own. This was discovered soon after Pope's death and Bolingbroke was naturally very angry. As Pope, however, had not published the edition, and had only meant to preserve for posterity a work which he admired, it would seem that Macaulay's charge of gross perfidy is somewhat exaggerated.

2769 **a pamphlet**, by a certain Gildon, a hack writer of the time. Warwick told Pope that Gildon had received ten guineas from Addison for this work. Warwick was the son of the widowed countess whom Addison was courting, and he seems to have hated his prospective step-father.

2784 **Atticus in prose.** Macaulay probably refers to a letter from Pope to Addison's friend, Craggs (see Introduction, p. lii), in which there is a violent attack on Addison, containing most of the thoughts and many of the words of the famous lines quoted below. But this letter was patched up by Pope fifteen years after the death of Craggs, in order to give color to Pope's version of the quarrel with Addison.

2785 **the energetic lines.** Pope's satiric sketch of Addison, under the name of Atticus, is now found in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, and is as follows: —

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?"

2787 **sent them to Addison.** Pope says he did, but his whole story of the quarrel is very untrustworthy. It is quite unlikely that Addison ever saw the famous verses. No one in fact seems to have seen them till after his death, so that Macaulay's eulogy of Addison's conduct in this matter loses somewhat of its force.

2810 **Peter Teazle,** a character in Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal.*

Joseph Surface, a smooth-spoken hypocrite in the same play who fills Sir Peter's ears with praises of virtue while he is seeking to seduce Sir Peter's wife.

2823 **penal laws.** In Pope's time no Catholic could hold any public position, the public exercise of their religion was forbidden, they had to pay double taxes, and were not allowed to acquire real estate. In times of excitement even severer laws were enforced upon them.

2840 **Holland House,** a splendid mansion in Kensington, — once a suburb, now a district of London. It takes its name from Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, for whom it was built.

2841 **Chelsea,** a suburb in the west of London.

2842 **Nell Gwynn,** the famous actress of the Restoration, whose beauty captivated Charles II.

2850 **fashionable amusements,** these were the nightly tricks of the Mohawks (note, l. 2052).

2852 **Holborn Hill,** a steep hill in the centre of London.

2864 **Chloe,** a name taken from Greek poetry, applied by Rowe to the Countess of Warwick.

2866 **Lycidas,** the name used by Milton for his friend, Edward King, who was drowned in St. George's Channel; hence a name of ill-omen.

2873 **Madras,** a district in Hindostan in the possession of the East India Company.

an estate. See note on l. 1953.

2876 **Somervile,** a Warwickshire gentleman of Addison's day, a skilful sportsman and a man of letters. He wrote a long poem called *The Chase.*

2889 **Townshend.** See Introduction, p. lii.

2895 **the Seals,** the symbol of his office as a Secretary of State.

2914 **Joseph Hume,** a leader of the Radical party in Macaulay's time, a watch-dog of the Treasury.

2960 **Letter to Congreve,** prefixed to Steele's edition of Addison's play, *The Drummer.*

2969 **whose religion,** etc. Roman Catholic noblemen could not at that time sit in the House of Lords.

2984 **Anne's last ministry.** In 1711 the Tory ministry created twelve Tory Peers in order to overcome the Whig majority in the House of Lords.

2999 **the Plebeian.** Macaulay exaggerates the whole quarrel between Steele and Addison. The tone of the disputants, considering the license of speech in political discussions, is most admirable. Steele, indeed, resented bitterly something that he took to be a covert threat of personal chastisement, but he closed his papers very neatly with a quotation from *Cato,* while Addison closed the *Old Whig* with a compliment to Steele's talents as a pamphleteer.

3027 **The Duenna,** a play by Sheridan.

3035 **Gay,** a charming English poet of Addison's time, the close friend of Pope, Swift, and the Tory wits.

3114 **Jerusalem Chamber,** a room adjoining Westminster Abbey, taking its name, perhaps, from the tapestries with which it was hung. They represented scenes from the history of Jerusalem.

3119 **St. Edward.** Edward the Confessor, the founder of Westminster Abbey.

3120 **the Plantagenets,** the name of the dynasty running from Henry II. to Richard III.; many of them are buried in Westminster Abbey.

the chapel of Henry the Seventh, a splendid chapel added to the Abbey by this king to be his burial place.

3121 **House of Albemarle,** founded by Monk, who brought back Charles II.

3132 **Cowper**, the gentle English poet of the close of the eighteenth century.

3143 **Parma, Modena, Guastalla**, three towns, the centres of like-named duchies in northern Italy. Their rulers had been on the English side during the war of the Spanish Succession, and probably subscribed for Addison's works as a mark of respect for the Whig statesman.

3144 **the Regent Orleans**, the nephew of Louis XIV., who had been appointed Regent of France by that monarch during the minority of his infant heir.

Cardinal Dubois, the former tutor of the Regent, at this time the most powerful statesman in France. He and the Regent cultivated the friendship of England.

3136 **the Everlasting Club** and **the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum** are well-known essays in the *Spectator*, Nos. 72, 584, and 585.

3156 **the Poets' Corner**, a corner in Westminster Abbey where Chaucer, Spenser, Tennyson, Browning, and many other English poets are buried.

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